

Catholic Digest

REG. U.S.
PAT. OFF.

Vol. 4

MAY, 1940

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

When the days of Pentecost were accomplished, they were all together in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming and it filled the whole house where they were sitting.

From the Office of Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA



Entered as second-class
matter, November 11,
1936, at the post office
at St. Paul, Minnesota,
under Act of March 3rd,
1879.

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Catholic Digest, Inc.



MEMBER OF THE
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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



Published Monthly. Subscription price, \$3.00 the Year—2 Years for \$5.00. Your own and a gift subscription \$5.00. No charge for foreign postage. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor: Paul Bussard

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Secret of the Sun

Prediction minus guesswork

By DAN CAVANAGH

Condensed from *Columbia**

In the gloomy light of the underground vault the five men standing in a semicircle looked like black-garbed statues. Motionless, scarcely breathing, they gave their entire attention to the needles of the two seismographs ticking off the regular and rhythmic beat of the earth's pulse.

No one spoke. The face of the large clock on the concrete wall showed one minute of two. Suddenly one of the men pointed silently to the clock. The others looked up at it. The red second hand of the big chronometer passed the 30 mark, started on its upward march, to make it 2 P. M. Tension grew as the second hand continued. Five seconds. Ten seconds. Fifteen.

Suddenly one of the men sighed. The others relaxed and turned toward the priest in the center of the group.

"I'm sincerely sorry, Father Ricard," Dr. Albert Porta began softly, "but I'm

afraid your theory is incorrect. I'm sure of my calculations because I checked and rechecked them."

The priest looked up from the seismographs to Dr. Porta just as the first rumblings began of the greatest earthquake in the central coast region since 1906, its center virtually under their feet. The tremors grew in intensity and this thundering corroboration of the theory of Father Jerome S. Ricard, S.J., the famed "Padre of the Rains," who predicted this earthquake of July 1, 1911, thrilled these men who knew they were standing on the threshold of a new science.

One of the members of this little group of five, who experienced one of the most exciting moments of their lives in that little room on the campus of the University of Santa Clara, Calif., back in 1911, was Albert J. Newlin, a student at the university. Today Dr.

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. April, 1940.

Newlin carries on with the work of the late Father Ricard as director of the University of Santa Clara's Ricard Memorial Observatory. He picks as one of the highlights in his life that experience 29 years ago: a major earthquake occurring within 20 seconds of the time predicted for it two months before.

The prediction of the earthquake, though, was only what might be termed a by-product of Father Ricard's main study, storms on the surface of the sun known as sunspots. He was the founder and developer of the now famous sunspot theory. Before 1900, the witty old priest used to say in the last years of his life, he knew less about sunspots than the office cat, although he had been studying astronomy for more than ten years. When he began his attempt at correlation of sunspots with phases of the weather, most astronomers thought he was a fool.

Unmoved by compliments or abuse, the stocky, soldierly appearing Frenchman continued on the research he had planned for himself, selecting one of the students at the university, Albert J. Newlin, as his protege and assistant. Year followed year in unending procession and the work developed to the point where it became an almost exact science for predicting the course of the weather.

"Predictions are sometimes wrong," he said, "because we do not yet understand the magnetic power of the dif-

ferent planets. We know these sunspots have a certain effect, but we do not know about the effect of the moon, for instance. The moon has power enough to lift the weight of the sea waters six or seven feet and to make the tides. It must have a great influence on storm currents. What this is, we do not yet know.

"We have not yet learned to foresee just which storms will spend their energy. Storms get tired. This is, of course, especially interesting to the Pacific coast. Storms develop in the Pacific near the Aleutian Islands. Some of them apparently will head toward southern California and spend themselves before they reach that area. Local storms, as they strike the earth, are influenced by circumstances and special local conditions."

The sunspot theory, in brief, is this: The sun is divided into a north zone and a south zone. These zones are swept by storms which are caused by the position of other planets in relation to the sun. When two or three planets get into a certain position their magnetic powers draw in cooperation. This pull of their converging magnetic forces causes storms on the sun in the form of gusts of flaming gases.

Father Ricard noticed one peculiarity, however. The sun storms, known as sunspots, travel from east to west across the sun's surface in both hemispheres. The sunspots in both hemispheres travel in the direction opposite

to that in which the earth travels. The sunspots in the northern hemisphere start the earth currents moving which provide storms in our world. Those in the sun's southern hemisphere, however, may cause fair weather or storms, depending on the time of year.

From his observation of sunspots came the startling prediction of that earthquake in July, 1911, one of the crowning achievements of the famed Padre of the Rains, in the opinion of his successor, Dr. Newlin.

"Father Ricard reasoned," Dr. Newlin explains, "that if the sunspots had a magnetic influence upon atmosphere and tides, they should also have a geologic effect. When the magnetic vibrations from the sunspots crossed the path of similar vibrations from seismic fault lines on the earth, he felt the effect would be revealed."

After making his observations, Father Ricard called in Dr. Porta, noted mathematician of Turin University, Italy, to assist in the complex calculations, which would tell the center and time of the next earthquake. In May, 1911, the work was finished and the results of the calculations indicated that the city of Santa Clara would be the epicenter of the most severe quake since the catastrophe of 1906.

Gathered with Father Ricard, Dr. Porta, and Dr. Newlin at the observatory when proof of the theory came only 20 seconds after the time for which it had been scheduled were

Joseph Fernandez and John Waddell, university science professors. The five agreed to keep secret what they had seen but word of the test leaked out to excitable people. Father Ricard was so disturbed by hysterical queries that he resolved never again to allow an outsider to know of his earthquake predictions.

Father Ricard, satisfied with the results, went back to his weather forecasting. In 1906, after six years of making sunspot observations and comparing them with weather on earth, he had started issuing weather predictions for ten days in advance. These predictions were increased later to cover a period of a month in advance and were published in newspapers up and down the Pacific coast and in many parts of the U. S. Athletic promoters, canneries, agriculturalists and motion picture companies, among others, subscribed to the monthly service, basing their activities on the predictions.

Although many scientists were slow to give recognition to the sunspot theories of Father Ricard, that recognition did come from several of the influential scientific societies of the country before the priest's death on Dec. 8, 1930, at the age of 80.

To honor the aging astronomer for his scientific studies and their practical application to the everyday needs of men in almost every walk of life, the Knights of Columbus of California began a campaign for funds in 1924

to build Father Ricard a new observatory. In 1928 they completed and dedicated the \$50,000 Ricard Memorial Observatory, which replaced the wooden buildings scattered about the campus with a single modern structure. In addition to the observatory, a "floating" vault was installed to house the delicate earthquake-recording seismographs. The vault rests upon piers sunk into bedrock to make it free from all surface or near-surface vibration and to make it possible to record underground earth movements without being affected by surface conditions.

Light-tight and insulated double walls, filled in with tar and pitch, keep out moisture. Electric thermostats control the heat of the room to a fraction of a degree from year to year. The vault is connected with the observatory proper by a subterranean passage, with a special copper joint to allow for expansion of the observatory building in hot weather.

In this room, 20 feet below the surface of the earth, are the Galitzin and Wood-Anderson electrical seismographs. So delicate are the instruments that they will register the lightest foot-fall on the thick concrete floor. Because of the variability of commercial electricity, the instruments are operated by batteries. Also in the vault is the observatory's master clock, the Shortt synchronome clock, its pendulum swinging in a vacuum, maintaining an accuracy which limits the possible error

to a split second a month. These and all the other instruments are under the personal care of Dr. Newlin.

Each day Dr. Newlin follows the same methods developed by Father Ricard to make his weather predictions. Up before sunrise almost every morning for the past 30 years, Dr. Newlin starts on the routine work of the observatory, the work entrusted to him by Father Ricard.

"The observations have definitely established that a relationship between the pulsations that occur on the seismograph in the science of seismology have a bearing on the existing barometric conditions in the science of meteorology," Dr. Newlin maintains.

This is but another tool the genial weather prophet uses to make his forecasts, which are so accurate as to be almost uncanny. Some of his long-range forecasts for periods of six months or longer have been made in the face of contradictory predictions by other experts, and time has stamped those of Dr. Newlin as consistently correct.

Having absorbed the theories of Father Ricard and worked with them for 33 years, Dr. Newlin is today regarded as the outstanding authority on the sunspot theory. Modestly, he claims he is only a student with a lot to learn.

But it is Dr. Newlin, to paraphrase Mark Twain, who does something about the weather while others merely talk about it.

The Clergy and Marriage

The apostles were married

By CLEMENT C. ENGLERT, C.S.S.R.

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

Perhaps the most striking difference of law between the Eastern and Western Churches is the fact that married men are ordained priests in the East. Note well the statement: *priests do not marry*, but married men are ordained priests. This means that the marriage must have taken place before the reception of Holy Orders. Bishops, however, must always be celibate. And any priest may choose the celibate life, if he wishes, before ordination. When a priest's wife dies, there is no possibility of his ever marrying again.

Now, how did this law come about? In the earliest ages of the Church, the apostles and their successors ordained married men even to the episcopate. St. Paul, for example, in his first Epistle to his disciple St. Timothy, bishop of Ephesus, tells him what qualities to look for in a man whom he wants to ordain a bishop. Among other things, he says, "It behoveth therefore a bishop to be blameless, the husband of one wife," that is, he must not be a man who has married more than once, even though legitimately.

That the apostles sometimes ordained married men is readily understandable, when we realize that in choosing one of their converts to be the head of a new church (or "dio-

cese"), they would not pick some unmarried youth, but a man of more mature years, prudent and of holy life. Practically all such men were married, and fathers of families. And yet, from the very earliest times we find the ideal of a celibate priesthood also cherished.

The apostles themselves lived celibate lives once they began to preach the Gospel. St. Paul in one of his Epistles says that celibacy is the better thing for one who wants to serve God; because if a man has a wife, he must be occupied to some extent, at least, with pleasing her, instead of being wholly intent on the things of God (1 Cor. vii. 32, 33).

This, then, was the condition in the early Church; both celibate and married clergy existed lawfully, but celibacy was held up as the ideal. In the Western Church, celibacy became the rule and finally the law. In the Eastern Church, celibacy became the rule and finally the law only for the bishops, but not for the secular priests, who could be either celibate or married. Monks were always celibate. These laws have persisted right down to the present.

Though a large number of the oriental Catholic secular priests in Europe and Asia are married, the number of

*389 E. 150th St., New York City. March, 1940.

students for the priesthood voluntarily embracing celibacy is growing larger every year. In some rites, such as the Malabar, all the clergy are celibate. In other rites, such as the Rumanian, the majority of the priests are found to be married.

Celibacy, however, is not obligatory for the oriental candidates for the priesthood in America, though the older married priests, who came from Europe years ago are still in perfectly good standing. Hence, when one hears of such and such a boy as being the son of a Catholic priest in an Eastern rite, there is no need to be either shocked or surprised.

Sometimes you will hear people say, "I certainly would never want to go to confession to a married priest." But some of the Eastern peoples feel just the opposite about it and much prefer to confess to a married priest whom they consider much more apt to understand them and their own peculiar difficulties.

Occasionally though, you will meet people even in the West who say they think they would prefer to have a married clergy. Well, it is perfectly all right for them to attend an oriental Catholic church and receive the sacraments there. The Catholic Church is as broad as the world. People should know that and take advantage of it. Likewise, oriental Catholics who prefer to confess to a celibate priest can come to one of our Roman rite

churches and do so whenever they please.

These married oriental priests are learned, cultured, pious men, who came from Europe years ago to shoulder the double burden of raising a family and caring for a parish. They should receive our whole-hearted respect and friendship.

In the past these married priests have had to suffer a great deal in America because of the ignorance of Catholics themselves, who should have been the very first to help them. One poor priest for a long time found it impossible to get his daughter accepted into a convent school because the superiors thought that it would be improper to have a priest's daughter among the pupils! At another time the Sisters in a hospital went on a strike against the chaplain because he brought Communion to the very sick wife of a Catholic priest. The Sisters thought the poor lady was a reprobate soul, despite her very evident piety!

Instances such as these show how little many know about Church history. True, we are perfectly entitled to our preference for celibate priests; but let us not condemn what after all is good in itself, but merely less perfect. It is well to cherish the ideal ourselves, but not to force it too zealously on all others. Clearly, it is out of place for any Catholic to show himself shocked when he hears of a married Catholic priest in the Eastern rite.

"Big House" Chaplain

Crime and punishment

By ELIGIUS WEIR, O.F.M.

Condensed from *Extension**

The membership roster of a certain professional men's club disclosed but 14 members: five lawyers, six doctors and three priests, a strange combination which met frequently but irregularly. On this particular night they met in the study of Father Dempsey's parochial residence. One of the members, a doctor, who had been the attending physician at a county jail, had been scanning the daily paper. His eye had caught a short account of the confirmation ceremony at Joliet prison. "You know, I admire the zeal of prison chaplains but they are really wasting their time," he commented.

A lawyer, who had a term as an assistant state prosecutor behind him, chimed in with, "That has always been my opinion, because once a crook always a crook. The only reason those fellows in Joliet attend chapel service is because they hope to gain the good will of the chaplain, hoping he will help to 'spring them'."

"Take it easy," said Father Dempsey. "I spent 15 years with men behind prison walls and I have never considered them wasted years."

"Father," said the former jail physician, "I hope that you are not one of those sentimentalists who soften at the sight of justice being meted out to

crooks and hoodlums and whatnots."

"Justice," softly replied Father, "yes, the pound of flesh, the debt to society, *et cetera*. We won't go into that now, but your inference that my tenure as a prison chaplain has made me a sentimentalist indicates that you, like our friend, the former assistant state prosecutor, have little knowledge of the proper methods by which to bring about the rehabilitation of such men as we have in our prisons. A sentimental Catholic chaplain would not last one year in a penitentiary because of the depressing influences and circumstances of his environment. The Church authorities do not send sentimentalists to work in the prisons because they are aware of the only too obvious failure in store for them. A prison chaplain must deal with hard facts. If he can deal with them intelligently his accomplishments will be evident. He is the one person who can succeed because he learns the real causes of crime and the heart of the prisoner. Furthermore, he realizes that crime cannot be condoned; that it is something which cannot be dismissed by excuse, but can be reasonably explained; his study of human behavior gives him an intelligent method of helping the prisoner rehabilitate himself."

*360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. April, 1940.

Father Dempsey continued, "The science of criminology is a much neglected study. Today, people who like to believe they are criminologically educated depend upon newspapers, magazines, crime radio programs and even textbooks written by authors who have visited penitentiaries a few times and returned to their study rooms with stepped-up imaginations and a few new wrinkles. The reliability of such sources of information is more than highly questionable. They are designed to capture the imagination and to entertain. The facts of crime and the basic causal factors are not entertaining."

"But," said one lawyer, who had occasionally been employed in the capacity of public defender, "is it not true that prisoners fail to reform? Take, for example, most of the criminal cases read in the newspapers. It seems that at least one or several of the participants in a new crime have been in prison before and are either on parole or have been discharged. There is bound to be an ex-convict in it somewhere."

"Your question is understandable," said Father, "because of the statement you just made. It is true that there generally is an 'ex' in it somewhere, otherwise the story wouldn't be featured. Hundreds of other crimes committed are never made public. You have practiced your profession in the busy courts of a metropolitan area.

Did it ever occur to you that of all the crimes being heard on any one day you perhaps only read about two of them? You see, the commission of a crime in which an 'ex' is involved furnishes an opportunity to discredit the various protective, educational, and welfare bodies supported by tax-paying society which are being directed by the political party in power. Politicians again! What good, constructive work we could do if we could only divorce them from the job of rehabilitating men. Only two classes suffer as a result of political intrigue and propaganda. One class comprises the men we are trying to rehabilitate behind prison walls. The other is society. Personal gain and greed for material things, including power, at the expense of an untrained will and a disorganized personality, are unethical and un-Christian."

"Why parole a man at all?" asked another lawyer.

"I suppose," answered Father, "you want a man to serve life for stealing a loaf of bread. Now don't accuse me of exaggerating, for I am able to prove that men are serving that much time for very similar things. The percentage of thieves in prison who are real menaces to society is quite small. By the way, how many of the elected and appointed guardians of the public treasury do you know or have you heard about who are known to have used public funds to further personal

interests who have served a day in prison? I, personally, couldn't name a half dozen now in Joliet. Perhaps it will astonish you to know that hundreds of thousands of men released from prisons throughout the country make good in socialized communities. Hard for you to believe, perhaps, since the 'made good' stories of the 'ex's' are not sensational enough for the press. Strange that dispensers of printed information should have to rely on subversive matter for volume sales, strange that intelligent persons look to such sources for the information upon which to base their opinions."

"But you will admit that some men are unfit to be released from our prisons," retorted the lawyer.

"I will grant that," said Father, "but they are in a minority. Seventy-eight per cent of those who are released do not repeat their offense, so why condemn a system that is 78% sound? Why not try to improve the system so that the percentage of success will be higher? But let's get back to the chaplain. His task is to train and educate men to a point where they are able to make a satisfactory extramural adjustment on their own resources. Certainly this is not an easy task and success is not possible in all cases, but for those men who cooperate with the chaplain it is a sure bet."

"That is a little hard to believe," said the lawyer, "in view of the fact that many prisoners today had the

direction of the clergy in the parochial schools before entering the penitentiary."

"Yes," replied Father, "and many who have received the same instruction who are not in the penitentiary must have a considerable burden on their conscience. It seems that the same kind of justice is not applicable to some individuals who commit crimes that qualify them for the penitentiary according to the statutes. I cannot help but think of a few of the business dealings of some of our 'respectable' citizens*, and of the surgeons who murder the unborn, and certainly, I cannot help but think of the unscrupulous politicians who sell their constituents' rights for a slice of the political watermelon. But to come back to our parochial school systems, only about 10% of the prisoners in penal institutions of this country ever had parochial school training."

"Well," continued the doctor, "do you mean to say that neglect of religious training is the cause of so much crime?"

"Certainly, doctor, and furthermore, even if religious training is not imparted until the man has reached maturity and has lost his freedom by reason of his penitentiary commitment (the price he must pay for the neglect of his elders), he can still be redeemed to God and society."

"Then you agree with Father Flan-

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1940, p. 1.

again, that there is no such person as a bad boy," pressed the lawyer.

"I do," said Father, "but I would also add that there is the neglected boy."

"Father," interrupted a lawyer, "is it not true that most of the men in prison are products of poor families?"

"Yes," answered the priest, "but they are not in prison because they were poor; they are in prison because their religious training was neglected. No person who subscribes to the principles of our religious teachings and who practices them will ever be forced to reside behind penitentiary walls. The reason one finds so many of the poor in prison is because they, unlike the rich, are unable to escape incarceration prescribed by law for the offenses they commit. The rich have the means to evade apprehension and conviction, though detected, and furthermore are in a position to, and do, purchase immunity."

Here a doctor who had not hitherto entered the discussion interposed a question.

"Father," said he, "what part has heredity in the criminal act?"

"Science," answered Father, "has proven nothing of value regarding the inheritance of criminal tendencies; but divine revelation informs us that man is prone to evil from his youth because of his inheritance of the sin of our first parents which produces in every child of Adam a constant rebellion of

his lower nature against his higher. You have a weakness toward one vice; I have another. Spiritual writers speak of it as a predominant passion in man which may differ in different cases. The chaplain of a prison is ideally situated for the study of man's weaknesses. He possesses what men of science would give anything to have; a gigantic natural laboratory for the study of human behavior. The general public cannot seem to grasp the significance of his place of work and study and, since his findings and recommendations are so different from what they expect them to be (the result of their propagandized education), they never weigh very seriously the great truths he tells them.

"The public generally seems to be of the opinion that all prisoners turn to religion when they land in prison. Would that such were true. Only about one-third of the Catholic prisoners attend chapel service and those who attend the sacraments are still fewer. The ordeal of the reception of the sacraments is so arranged that an insincere prisoner will either quickly give them up or receive them in earnest. Those who express a wish to become converts are put through a course of study which they would have difficulty in completing if they were not sincere. A strict examination of revealed truths is given and satisfactory proof of sincerity and knowledge must be the result or they are not admitted

to Baptism or to Holy Communion.

"Prisoners are well aware that a chaplain has no authority with a parole or pardon board, and they are informed that their acceptance of religion will not be considered as a factor in obtaining a release. In fact, I have seen cases in which the prisoner's conversion militated against his parole or pardon because he was suspected of a new form of confidence game to make a good impression on those who had the authority to release him."

"But," said a doctor, "do you not find cases in which the chaplain was deceived?"

"Yes, but it might astonish you to know how few have been able to do it. Other prisoners who are sincere readily give the chaplain a 'tip-off' when he is being 'taken for a ride' by some scheming prisoner. Frequently, the chaplain detects the 'game' without any 'tip-off' and it behooves him to play the 'game' much as an angler plays a husky mountain trout, and finally, he lands him. When he does, it usually gives him the opportunity he needs to bring the prisoner to his senses.

"It is at times trying to the patience of a chaplain to listen to the opinions of the uninformed. After dealing with the prison element for many years it stands to reason that a prison chaplain would have a much better insight into his own business than one who has had absolutely no experience. In fact, the average citizen doesn't really want the experience. Crime, prisons, prisoners and parole are distasteful subjects about which we hear many displeasing, contradictory, and questionable statements. However, we are lazy about distasteful subjects; hence, we do very little about them. Perhaps, too, we are a little afraid of losing the prestige we have with our neighbors for any interest we might show."

When Father Dempsey concluded, a long silence ensued. Finally the doctor spoke. "I'd like to amend my brash statement which occasioned Father's illuminating remarks. I do not believe the work of our prison chaplains is in vain."

"That's an understatement," snapped the lawyer. "It seems like the chaplain is the only one who really does anything worth while."



I like to remember the invaluable saying of Sidney Smith, that among the minor duties of life he did not know of one more important or more neglected than that of not giving praise where praise was not due.

D. W. in the [London] *Tablet* (25 Nov. '39).

Religion on Postage Stamps

By FATHER CHRISTOPHER, C.P.

Pious philately

Condensed from the *Cross**

Postage stamps are associated with almost every aspect of human progress, and a specialized collection permits of a combination of interests. The religious theme will, perhaps better than any other, provide a motif for a very select and interesting collection. On a few pages of a stamp album it is possible to set out a display of stamps that will have something of the beauty of a cathedral window, and at the same time supply a very interesting commentary on recent religious history.

The arrangement of the collection will, of course, depend upon the individual's taste and purpose but, Christianity being the theme, pride of place will be given to those stamps which have as their subject the person and life of our Saviour.

In this group, stamps of Italy and the Netherlands vie for first place. The Italian issue has an interest of its own, being the first stamps to carry a representation of Christ other than as an Infant with the Madonna. This set was issued in 1923 to mark the tercentenary of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, and the main design for all four stamps of the set represents our Saviour sending His apostles to "preach the Gospel to every creature." The Netherlands, in

a charity issue of 1930, made the Child Jesus the theme of four beautiful stamps. The designs are reproductions of Dutch artists' conceptions of the Infant Saviour, yet, for some strange reason, they are described in catalogues as symbolic representations of the four seasons! Greece, in a commemorative series of 1930, acknowledged heaven's part in her successful struggle for independence by a stamp which shows Christ appearing in the heavens to bless the Greek armies at the Battle of Missolonghi.

Two stamps featuring statues of Christ can also be included in this group. The world-famous *Christ of the Andes*, which stands on the frontier between Chile and the Argentine, figures on one of the two stamps issued by the Argentine to commemorate the Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires in 1934, while an almost equally renowned statue, known as the *Christ of Corvada*, which stands on an eminence overlooking Rio de Janeiro, appears on a Brazilian stamp minted to honor the visit of our present pope, then Cardinal Pacelli. Two other stamps, which can claim a place in this group, are charity stamps of the Saar, both issued in 1931, one reproducing the parable of the good Samaritan,

**Mt. Argus, Dublin, S. W. 7, Ireland. March, 1940.*

the other the incident of the widow's mite.

One stamp that can claim a place all to itself is a charity stamp issued by Rumania in 1921, showing the holy family. The paper and printing does scant justice to the theme, but its peculiar interest more than compensates for any lack of beauty. It is Rumania's only contribution to the religious collection and, more interesting still, is the only stamp design having the holy family for its theme.

The Madonna is a subject much favored by stamp designers. Practically every Catholic country has done homage to the mother of God in its stamp issues. Outstanding in this group is a particularly attractive design by which Hungary honored Mary as its patroness. Our blessed Lady is shown wearing the crown of St. Stephen, and an accompanying inscription, *Patrona Hungariae*, claims her protection and patronage. Another stamp which gains attention because of its beauty was issued by the Saar in its charity series of 1929. The design is taken from a famous painting by Ferruzzio, and depicts the Madonna and the Infant Jesus in modern dress. The latest addition to this already large group is a Madonna stamp included in the Vatican air-mail issue. There are two values of the design.

The number of saints who figure on stamp designs is legion. Taking them in their liturgical order of precedence,

the apostles are well represented. St. Peter appears in the Vatican air-mail issue, St. Paul figures on a stamp of Malta which commemorates his association with that island, while St. James has been honored in a recent Spanish series, issued to mark the Holy Year of Compostella.

Many countries have honored their patronal and national saints. France paid grudging homage to the sainted maid of Orleans by a very unlovely stamp. Norway has honored her warrior saint, Olaf, while two of the Slav countries, Czechoslovakia and Bulgaria, have acknowledged their indebtedness to SS. Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slav race and the reputed inventors of their alphabet.

No country has manifested such pride in her saints as Hungary. St. Stephen, her first king and apostle, appears regularly in the Hungarian issues, and in the issue of 1930 he appears together with his saintly queen, Gisela. The fact that this is the only stamp showing a husband and wife who are both saints gives the design a peculiar interest. In another design of this same series their son, Emery, who is also a canonized saint, is shown receiving instruction from yet another Hungarian saint, Gerard. Other Hungarian issues again feature the members of this saintly family, as well as other saints of Hungary, such as the Queen St. Elizabeth, and St. Lancelot.

St. Anthony, who is supposed to have

a benign interest in the safe transmission of correspondence, has not escaped the notice of stamp designers. Italy, the country of his adoption, issued a special series in 1931 to mark the 17th centenary of his death, as did Portugal, the land of his birth. Nearly 40 years before, Portugal commemorated the septcentenary of his birth by a special issue, which has for the collector a particular interest, inasmuch as it was the first set of stamps to have an entirely religious theme and, more interesting still, each stamp of the issue has printed on the reverse a prayer in reparation for sins of blasphemy. The occasion of the Franciscan centenary afforded more than one country an opportunity to honor the gentle saint of Assisi.

St. Patrick appears on the stamps of Ireland, but unfortunately only on the dearer values. The only other saint with Irish associations to claim a place in our collection is St. Willibrord, who studied in Ireland before setting out to evangelize the Low Countries. The government of the Netherlands recently issued two stamps to commemorate his centenary. St. Martin of Tours and his heroic charity have suggested a theme for many charity stamps, noticeably those of Belgium and the Saar. In both instances the design was copied from Van Dyck's famous painting of *St. Martin and the Beggar*. The "pocket" republic of San Marino honors its patron, St. Marinus, in a design

which shows the artisan saint vigorously wielding the implements of his trade.

Stamps of religious significance are evidently not popular in British possessions, but St. Helena has included in a recent centenary series a portrait of the queen for whom the island is named. The only other British possession that can claim a place in the collection is Cyprus, which included in a commemorative series of 1928 a stamp depicting the discovery of the body of St. Barnabas, who together with St. Paul, evangelized the island.

The collector will note and, no doubt, make his own comment on the fact that, whereas the earlier issues of the Virgin Islands carried a representation of our blessed Lady or St. Ursula, the modern issues depict instead the virgin sign of the zodiac!

St. Rose of Lima, the only native-born saint of America, is the subject of a very pretty design issued in an air-mail series of 1936 by the Republic of Peru. Unfortunately, the stamp is of high value and rare, but the collector can content himself with another St. Rose stamp issued by the same country the following year which is not so beautiful but considerably less costly.

While the saints will claim the greater part of the collector's space, the angels must also be allotted their place. Vasco da Gama, the great Portuguese explorer, committed himself to the care

of the angel Gabriel when he set his course towards the uncharted seas of the East. Consequently, it was only appropriate that Portugal should have honored the angel in her Vasco da Gama commemorative series of 1898. As early as 1894 the archangel, St. Michael, was honored by Belgium by a stamp which pictures the leader of heaven's armies with his foot on the neck of the vanquished Lucifer; this is the only time the devil ever got on a postage stamp!

Another interesting aspect of this stamp is the supplementary tag which bears the inscription in French and Flemish: *Not to be delivered on Sunday*. This tag, which could be removed easily if found unnecessary or undesirable, was a concession made by the

Belgian postal authorities to Catholics who regarded the Sabbath rest as more important than the expeditious delivery of their correspondence.

As the collector soon discovers, there is no dearth of material. He can extend his collection by including stamps which commemorate events and places of religious significance and interest. There are the various issues printed to mark the occasion of Eucharistic congresses, and in this section a Hungarian stamp again merits special mention. The design has for its theme the mystery of the Eucharist, and has great artistic beauty. Then there are the various Holy Year issues of the Vatican, Italy and Ireland, and the papal-coronation stamps, recently issued by the Vatican.



Figures of Phantasy

As forgetful of the past as the mercy of God.—*Ernest Raymond*.

To dance with Lena was like coming in with the tide.—*Willa Cather*.

As maternal as an incubator.—*Lloyd C. Douglas*.

Conspicuous as a medical treatise in the *Christian Science Monitor*.—*C. V. R. Thompson*.

Life to her is just one long struggle, day in and night out.—*Arthur Murray*.

A mud slinger always loses ground.—*Father Seraphin, O.F.M.*

Poured herself into her seat like a sack of grain relieved of support.—*Mayer Berger*.

Like a worm with a broken spine.—*Laurence Housman*.

Journalism largely consists in saying Lord Jones Dead to people who never knew that Lord Jones was alive.—*Chesterton*.

Birth control is the practice of smotherhood.—*A seminarian*.

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Give the exact source. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

Sounds That Live

By SISTER ANN CELINE

Emotion recollected in tranquility

Condensed from the *Rosary**

The Sunday mornings of my childhood summers were peaceful. After having attended Mass accompanied by some older members of the family (I should say I accompanied them, but I was then aware of my seeming importance), and having given to the Lord my prayers, and to the support of the Church, my nickel, I returned home armed with "funny papers." I felt my religious obligations for the morning had been fulfilled, and I was free to do as I pleased. After putting away my Sunday hat, I toured the house to see what everyone was doing, then went to the kitchen, expecting Hannah to let me in on any secret preparations, or perhaps sample my favorite dishes. Having completed the rounds, I proceeded to settle myself in my favorite chair on the front porch, my funny papers in my lap, and a peppermint in my mouth. (My brother always brought mother peppermints on Saturday night; on Sunday I ate most of them.)

The church across the street had an active, up-to-date congregation. The minister was an earnest, religious man who worked for and with his people. His church bell would begin in a clear calling tone, and I would drop the *Katzenjammer Kids* to listen to the

different sounds and their combinations. People would soon come down the street to church, dressed in their Sunday best. I sat, and watched, and listened, looking for family friends, recognizing some as regular attendants, interested in all; content that I had done my duty earlier in the day, I now felt there was nothing to hinder my watching other people on their way to do theirs.

Let the Sunday bells of summer now ring forth, and immediately I return in spirit to my favorite place in the sun, the "funnies" in my lap, a peppermint in my mouth, appetizing scents from the kitchen surrounding me as my small world goes by on its way to worship God.

The Sunday church bells recall peaceful memories, but the midday Angelus brings me a thankful, yet heavy heart. It takes me back to a springtime when everything is beautiful in its growing greenness. My father had come from his office earlier than usual and was walking in the garden before dinner.

I was his "baby daughter," and we had enjoyed each other's close companionship for 19 years. Some months before this particular day, I had reached the decision to leave Mother,

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. February, 1940.

Dad and this ideal home to become a nun.

I had confided in my mother but hadn't had the courage to tell my father until this day of which I write. He was looking at the roses. My mother was standing by the living-room window watching him when I quietly entered the room through the door behind her. "Mother, did you mention to Daddy what we were talking about yesterday?" Not trusting herself to speak, she slowly shook her head and turned to continue her watch in silence.

I went to him just as the Angelus began to ring. As he heard me coming he smiled at me in greeting and put his arm around my shoulders.

I waited for the Angelus to finish. I looked up at him and with hesitancy began, "Daddy, I'm going to tell you something that won't be easy to hear. I think I am leaving home next month for the Dominican novitiate." His contented smile slowly faded away; he stood there silent, and I felt his arm tighten about me. After a seemingly long time he answered, "Little daughter, does your mother know? It is a decision not to be hastily made. After a few days let's talk it over."

We sat down to a rather quiet meal (a salty one for me). Various topics of conversation were "tried and found wanting." Within my heart I kept repeating parts of the Angelus to supply my waning courage, for I "was as a

reed shaken" by a most gentle breeze, let alone by the coming wind.

That was in the long ago, but often now, as spring returns, and the earth is blossoming with beauty, and the bell in our convent tower rings out the noonday Angelus, I renew my petition for courage and add a prayer of gratitude to Him, who in His thirst for souls chose mine to come to Him. Why He did I do not know unless perhaps a kindred interest in sound caused Him to want to hear me say my Angelus in choir. I know of no other explanation.

Another sound that puts me in reminiscent mood is the beat of horse hoofs on the pavement. Then I am again the small girl, dressed in my white-dotted Swiss, or my lemon-colored organdy, and seated behind our sleek horse, Dolly. Beside me in the one-seated buggy sits my father who is on his way to "make a talk" at some countryside gathering, and because the journey is not too long it has been my privilege to accompany him. As we drive along the country road, questions and answers are passed between us. Often there are pleasant silences, and I am quite content to ride along just watching the road or Dolly, or "helping drive."

When we arrive at the scene of the meeting it is early in the afternoon. Most of the crowd has finished the picnic feast. The men have gathered in groups and are busy settling world

questions. The women are around the set-up tables, gathering together the plentiful remains of tempting fried chicken and delicious cake. My father is sincerely welcomed. Dolly is led off by some of the younger boys, and I am entrusted to the keeping of the motherly women, who proceed to tell me what a good girl I am, and make me feel at home by friendly questioning, "Did your Mamma make that dress?" "Do you like to ride with your Papa?" "Would you like a glass of lemonade and a piece of cake?" Would I!

Two worries always marred the perfect tranquility of these afternoons. I kept wondering if Dolly felt at ease in her new surroundings, and I wanted these men and women to like my father. Each time I'd find my worry had not been necessary, for when the time came for our leaving, Dolly would be brought to us in high spirits, and the men would surround the buggy to say good-bye to my father and ask his promise to return.

Almost as refreshing as this is the sound of laughter. Especially do I recall my mother's laughter. During my high-school years a friend of my own age remarked, "When your mother is around, I find myself eavesdropping; I love to hear her laugh." Her voice was beautiful. She didn't carry on lengthy conversations but was always an interested listener. When she did speak, others listened; and when she

laughed, even strangers felt the contagion of her enjoyment. It wasn't a forced laugh but a soft musical spontaneous humor put into sound, as though the goodness of her life bubbled over into laughter.

Music also has the power to recall other days. I anticipate with almost fear, the beauty of the choral music of the midnight Mass of Christmas. Through the special permission of the bishop of our diocese, we have been granted the privilege of midnight Mass in our convent chapel. Shortly after 11:30, when those outside the convent are sleeping, or working, or looking about for a so-called good time, the silence of our convent is broken by the trained youthful voices of the novices, as they go through the corridors singing Christmas carols. They are announcing to us through song that the Christ Child will soon be with us.

We enter the chapel in a spirit of expectation, feeling certain that the blessed Mother and St. Dominic have special gifts for us and for those we love. The altars are backed with banks of rich, red poinsettias and young fir trees. Soft candlelight surrounds the crib. Sisters, rapt in prayer, complete the picture.

The novices continue their singing of Christmas hymns until four very proper and dignified little altar boys escort Monsignor into the sanctuary to begin the Sacrifice of the Mass. Prayers rich in meaning; fragrant incense;

burning candles; and everywhere through it all, the exultant joyous music! My lips cannot form words, and so I offer my many thoughts with the music that surely reaches God. As I thank God for the many happy Christmases of my childhood, I kneel there wishing that my family might share this with me.

At last the music of the blending voices ceases, and the music of silence reigns. Soon the tinkle of the bell tells us to make immediate preparation for His coming. The older Sisters devoutly bend their heads in gratitude; the fervent novices offer all their future, as Monsignor slowly raises the Host be-

fore our eyes. I try to thank Him for His thousands of gifts, graces and benefits; for my mother, father, brothers, sisters; ask His blessing on my Dominican home; for those I teach.

All during my life sounds have been interesting companions. Let me hear the splash of cool water from the garden hose, as it falls on the hot cement walk! Immediately I board my magic carpet. Though I myself might become slightly damp as the whole neighborhood gang dash wildly under the cooling spray, it would take much imaginative moisture indeed to dampen the ardor in my heart for the sounds that continue to live close to me.



Bad Soil for Seeds

The Church is not an earthly force, a political power, a revolutionary army. The Church leads, but she cannot enforce. Whether what the Church declares to be true is put into operation does not depend upon the pope or the bishop: it depends upon the body of Christians. They must articulate the doctrine of Christ by their lives and their work. They must, without turning Christianity into a political party, see to it that political parties adopt this radical Christian program.

One encyclical or pastoral can follow another, and little headway will be made until the body of Christians, clergy and laity, sit up and realize that what the pope is saying is something which depends upon each of us. Until that happens, the army of those who suffer hour by hour from "the twin evils of insufficiency and insecurity" have the right to answer, "We will begin to take Christianity seriously as an alternative to Marxism when Christians begin to take seriously what Christianity preaches."

Michael de la Bedoyere in the [London] *Catholic Herald* (1 March '40).



Then there was the old lady who, after hearing a sermon on the Publican and the Pharisee, observed, "Well, thank God, I'm not like them Pharisees."

Francis Davitt in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (1 Feb. '40).

The Canal of Raspadura

By ALLAN SHERMAN

He anticipated Panama

Condensed from the *National Republic**

Almost a century before the Frenchman DeLesseps made his ill-starred attempt to build a canal through Central America, linking the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, an obscure Spanish monk built a waterway connecting the two oceans. Antonio de Cereso was the monk who is receiving belated credit for connecting a tributary of the Atrato River which flows into the Gulf of Darien on the Atlantic side with the smaller San Juan River which runs into the Pacific. The digging of this ditch had for its object the settlement of a boundary dispute, but it was not long before the Indians began using the waterway to paddle their canoes from one side to the other and soon after its utility was discovered the canal was being used commercially to transport cacao beans for both the Indians and the white people.

Evidence of this historic waterway was discovered by Premilas F. Becnel, a worker on the WPA Historical Records Survey. Becnel, poring over records at Tulane University in New Orleans, found a map showing how the two rivers were joined by a canal. Becnel's discovery led to the search of old maps, books and manuscripts of that period. Finally the story of the monk de Cereso was uncovered, telling

how he in 1788, with Indian labor, built the small canal to settle a boundary dispute between the families of Mosquera of Popoyan and Don Francisco Sea. The canal was built in what is now the Republic of Colombia. It was shallow and not of great commercial importance as it could only be used during the periods of high water. However, it did connect the two oceans and shows that this feat was accomplished successfully far more than a century before Theodore Roosevelt set about building the present Panama Canal.

Becnel and another research student who assisted him found eight other maps showing the small canal connecting the two oceans. It was called the Canal of Raspadura, but no modern atlas contains the thread-thin black line which marks this historic "ditch," connecting the Atlantic and Pacific.

Neglect caused the canal to become filled, and when John C. Trautwine, a Philadelphia engineer, went up the Atrato River as far as the mouth of the Raspadura ravine in 1852 he was advised by his boatmen that the ravine route was too shallow even for his light-draught canoe. Trautwine had to have his boat dragged through a nearby canyon.

*511 11th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. March, 1940.

One of the maps had been published prior to Trautwine's trip showing the Raspadura Canal. About 1820 Baron Alexander von Humboldt, a great geographer of that period, made extensive explorations in the Atrato region and "re-discovered" the little ocean-to-ocean waterway. About 1843 a map was published in London which carried this note: "Canal of Raspadura constructed in 1783 by a monk of Novita. It unites the San Juan to the Atrato and still carries boats from the one ocean to another."

Several proposals for a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific were considered before the U. S. finally built the Panama Canal, started in 1904. Captain James B. Eads, an American engineer who built the ironclad boats for the Federal government during the Civil War, had a spectacular plan for connecting the two oceans. Eads had gained fame for his success in building a bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis as well as his work in constructing jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi. His plan called for the construction across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec of a ship railway 134 miles long and large enough to transport ocean-

going steamers up to 7,000 tons. He proposed a railroad with many parallel lines of tracks along which many locomotives would be driven tandem, all hitched to a huge ship-carrying cradle equipped with giant springs. Eads claimed that he could complete this ship railway in four and one-half years at the cost of the Nicaraguan canals then under discussion. Eads died before any definite steps were taken to consummate his plans.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Frenchman, began work on a canal through Panama on New Year's Day in 1880. This turned out to be one of the greatest engineering and financial fiascos in history.

American engineers had about this time been studying the proposed routes for a canal, four principal ones having been given the most careful consideration. One proposal was for a canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, another was for a route across Nicaragua, a third plan would have the canal across Panama, and a fourth proposed route was by way of the Atrato River in Colombia. This latter route was similar in general direction to that of Ceresco many years before.

Predictor

Socialism is not merely the labor question; it is before all things the atheistic question, the question of the form taken by atheism today, the question of the tower of Babel built without God, not to mount to heaven from earth, but to set up heaven on earth.

From The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoyevsky (died 1881).

Carolina Chain Gang

By BEN JOE LABRAY

A letter from a member

Condensed from the *Catholic Worker**

When the police came and shooed us from our "colony," even our priest friend couldn't do much to help us. He handed me a \$2 bill and gave the sick boy some money and we headed out. I had planned to come by an indirect route to visit you and take in some of the other Houses of Hospitality.

With five others I was riding a fast freight train, known to the boys on the road as the "bean man." For a while I was patting myself on the back for having outwitted the railroad detective. When we least expected it, we were arrested in a small town that was supposed to have no railroad "bull" and were marched to a county jail for immediate trial, and sentenced to 30 days on the chain gang.

Our trial was a corker. A sleepy judge was called to the county jail and the six non-paying passengers were arraigned. The judge asked a guard from the county road camp how many men were needed at the place. Eight were needed, so we were detained until the local police went out to herd in a couple of the bad boys from the town. The trial got under way and lasted about five minutes, just long enough to have the judge sign commitment papers for us and swear a few times.

We had been warned not to tinker with the court, for this would mean 90 more days for our "contempt."

Believe me, this camp is a tough lay-out. We were given striped suits upon entering and a lecture about the rules. It was made plain that the "hoboes" were to get a double dose of everything. I've been here a week now and believe me I've found they didn't fall short of their promises. All week we work in the gravel pits which furnish gravel for the county roads. We dare not smoke, talk or try to take time out, not even for our personal needs. When dinner time comes we line up with our hats held in our hands behind our backs and wait for the guard to give us the signal to "bean up." Beans make up our noon meal. Every morning means grits, bread, molasses and coffee. Supper means more beans and the heaviest and soggiest kind of corn bread. After each meal we are searched for utensils. The way the guards treat the men I can easily see the reason for this search.

The cell block in which we sleep is crowded and smelly. The toilet bowls are in the same room and the beds are arranged two-high and about a foot apart. A corridor separates us from another cell block in which the

*115 Mott St., New York City. March, 1940.

trusted men and short-timers sleep. They at least have more space. The guard on duty is perched on a high chair between the two blocks. He wears a big weapon at his side and has a shotgun laid across his lap. Even to get up at night we must yell "Gettin' up, Captain" and he in turn yells "Git up and git back quick."

The smell of the place has me nauseated. The work has my back aching and my hands in horrible shape. I'm hungry for a decent bit of food, something to read (they allow nothing except on Saturday nights and Sunday, when we get a few Protestant Bibles). My complaints are many and I don't seem to have the physical or spiritual strength to bolster up. Conversation is futile. The men around me are embittered from the way they've been treated. If they were bad when they came here—well, there's certainly nothing about the place that will make them anything but worse.

Yesterday one of the fellows was sick and bolted at his work. He was given a dose of castor oil and put in the "cracker box" for 72 hours. This means going into a little metal cell out in the yard and living on crackers and water for 72 hours. One of the fellows who came in with me had to stand all night with his hands chained to the bars. That's what he got for not keeping "his head down and his pick swingin'" to please the guard. Poor guy, he and his partner were on

the way to a job when they were hooked.

The only reason I can write this is because it's Saturday night. This is the only night we can write letters or read. I'm going to give this to a fellow to pass on to a "trusty" prisoner to mail. If this is detected it means I'll get the cracker box or lose the five days I'm supposed to get off for good behavior.

You should have been here for the religious ceremony last Sunday morning. We were all commanded to sit on benches and bunks near the bars facing the corridor. A group of some variety of Holy Rollers came and sang boisterous hymns and a preacher harangued us for an hour and a half. The men did not join in the singing despite the cajoling of the superintendent. He even threatened them. There was much grumbling over the whole thing and the Super sure was hot. The preacher asked the Super to lead in the closing prayer and this provoked laughter. He said, "I'm not up on them things." I hope all of you remembered me at Mass.

Sunday afternoons the men who have money can buy good smokes, cake, pie, soda, milk and other niceties from the superintendent's wife. The Super's wife can bake some swell cake but the prices are exorbitant. The odor of her cooking passes through our cell block every evening and agitates our hunger. Then again about nine o'clock

when we are told to quiet down for the night she usually makes coffee and its smell is as delicious as the taste of our supper cocoa is rotten. The big shots up on the hill enjoy coffee and the little shots in the cells must endure this insipid cocoa.

There's no such thing as Mass or confession here. They wouldn't even let me keep my rosary and ridiculed me for having it. I try as best I can to remember that it is the holy season of Lent. But then I catch myself almost assenting to the curses that the men put on the guards and the rotten patronage machine in this state that this chain gang is a part of. These men are not really criminals. I've even

heard them remark how the "ones that are real criminals live the life of Reilly at the state penitentiary."

Should this reach you all right be sure to remember these boys in your prayers. I will try to smuggle another letter out before I get out myself. I don't know if I will lose my good time or not but anyway I'll get word to you from wherever I happen to be. The lights go out soon and I must quit in time to ditch this letter. I'll probably have a nightmare about coffee in the heaven upstairs and cocoa in the hell below and then be ready to tackle and mark off another day at the gravel pit. Good-bye and God bless you.



Stingy People

By GEORGE BEAULIEU

They make money for others

Condensed from the *Sunday Standard**

Misers can be divided roughly into two classes, those whose mentalities are incapable of allowing them to part with money on account of early privations or the fear of future poverty, and the usurer type, whose sole object in life is to amass gold.

Thomas Pett was one of the most famous misers in history. Born in Warwickshire in the middle of the

18th century, he went to London at the age of ten with only a shilling in his pocket. He was taken on as an errand boy by a tallow chandler, but Pett was disliked by his master's wife who dismissed him. However, the tallow chandler searched him out and, by his influence, the young Pett was apprenticed to a butcher in Southwark.

Being a model lad, he had no diffi-

* Bombay, India. As reprinted in *Synopsis*, 14 Burleigh St., Strand, W. C. 2, London, England.

culty in obtaining a situation with another butcher in Clare Market at the end of his apprenticeship. For the next five years he was paid £25 (about \$125) a year, in addition to his food and drink.

From now on his sole object in life was to save and keep money. He took a dingy room in the cheapest neighborhood, and planned his expenditure under three heads: *lodging* was listed first, followed by *clothing* which he obtained second-hand at the lowest possible rates, and made it last for an astonishing length of time, doing all his own mending. *Laundry*, the third necessity of life, he held to involve only the washing of a shirt. It was one of his favorite sayings that a man who would not wash his own shirt did not deserve to have one.

He dispensed with light and heating in his own quarters, but was a good guest, and would eat and drink heartily at other people's expense. He hated to spend money on ale, but if his thirst overcame him he would purchase himself a penn'orth of it at a public house.

On one occasion he bought a pint of small beer, locked it up in his cupboard, and for fear that he might be tempted to drink this extravagant purchase, threw the key of the cupboard out of his window.

By now Pett's savings had reached a considerable sum, and he vowed that he would treat himself to a pint of porter every Saturday when they

reached \$5,000. When eventually this came to pass an additional duty had been placed on beer, and he reduced the self-imposed allowance to half a pint, arguing that such an amount was ample for a man who did not want to get drunk or die in the workhouse.

He collected auctioneers' catalogues, selling the paper to a waste merchant. On Sundays he used to lock himself in his room and read old newspapers or write verses.

For 42 years Pett lived in Clare Market as a journeyman butcher, during 30 of which he lodged in his gloomy room. No visitors ever came to see him; he did not lend nor borrow; he spoke neither good nor evil of anyone and, relying on his employer's food, never ate at his own expense.

Two or three days before he died, his employer induced him to make a will, which he did with great reluctance, saying that it was hard that a man must sign away all his property with a stroke of the pen. He died on June 2, 1803, leaving \$12,275 to distant relatives, whom he had never seen. Half an hour before he expired he bargained for a coffin.

John Little, of Kentish Town, died in March, 1798, having lived there for 40 years. Shortly before his death his doctor advised him to take a glass of wine. In spite of his infirmity, he insisted on being carried to his cellar, where with his own hand he unlocked the door and took out a single bottle;

this unwise move cost him his life, for he contracted a chill which developed into an apoplectic stroke.

He accumulated 173 pairs of breeches, 180 wigs, and a quantity of other articles of clothing, and left about \$200,000 to his brother, with whom he had quarrelled.

Sixty cents a week was the expenditure of the Rev. Morgan Jones, the curate of Blewbury, near Wallingford, on household necessities. He was curate of this parish for 43 years, during which period he expended exactly 12c on ale, a beverage of which he was fond. He saved and invested the \$250 a year salary attached to his post which, together with about \$150 a year from two small estates left to him by relatives, amounted to many thousands of dollars at his death.

He made one coat and one hat last out his 43 years, patching and mending them until he looked like a beggar; he lived on bread, bacon and tea, and fruit from his garden, and his laundry

bill was 25 cents a year, his shirt being washed every four months at a cost of eight cents.

His coat was patched with pieces taken from the tail, and it thus finally became a jacket; his hat brim fell away, so he bound on a fresh brim which he found on a scarecrow. His stockings retained none of their original worsted, yet he had a large stock of shirts and other clothes which he could not bear to use.

He was a hard worker, writing about 1,000 sermons in the course of his career; notes were added on the backs of old marriage certificates and letters, for he could not think of buying paper. This extraordinary man used to lop his garden bushes for firewood, although he had a woodshed full of wood and coal.

It is difficult to probe the minds of these money-grubbers, who are nearly always intelligent people who realize that they can take nothing with them when they die.



A Motion Picture Parable

A certain man was an habitual frequenter of the motion picture theater. All of a sudden he dropped the habit. A friend of his asked the reason. He replied:

- (1) His parents had sent him there too often when he was a boy.
- (2) No one seemed to welcome him.
- (3) The manager never called upon him at his home.
- (4) He was always expected to produce his purse.
- (5) He was quite as happy and contented as all the people who do habitually attend the theater.

The Faith in Wales quoted in *Wisdom* (March '40).

Death takes a holiday

Its original name was the *Flavian Amphitheater*. *Colosseum* is a later appellation denoting either the colossal size of the building or a giant statue of the Emperor Nero which stands near by. The Colosseum was built in the wide gardens near the Golden House of Nero.

The inflow of the world's wealth into the capital city developed a general taste for luxurious living, a craving for places of popular entertainment, gladiatorial combats, racing and animal fights. The Romans gave up their traditional virtues which had made Rome great, and sank into the mire of epicureanism and luxury. Court and nobility indulged shamelessly in debaucheries, and the people demanded with increasing passion a share in the luxuries.

"Bread and games" was the cry that went up; the wealthy, including the emperor, were compelled to satisfy it to avert rebellion by the mob. But the more that was offered, the greater grew the passion. Whether Rome was at war or peace, whether battles were won or lost, whether plague or bad harvests ravaged the country, was all a matter of indifference to the populace. The vital question to them was which faction was going to win the

The Colosseum

By H. M. PRINCE, S.V.D.

Condensed from the *Word**

next race or which gladiator was to be a victor or which picador was going to kill the highest number of savage beasts.

In the century preceding the Christian era great amphitheatres were built in Rome for contests of men with men or with wild beasts. But all were surpassed by the Colosseum built by the Flavian family, which no other Roman emperor attempted to outdo.

The Colosseum is elliptical in plan with a long axis of 615 feet and a short axis of 510 feet. At the ends of the axes there are tripartite main entrances. Of these, one was reserved for the imperial family, the others for the processions of athletes and players.

Between each pair of main entrances there are 20 gates for spectators. Above the four main entrances were teams of bronze horses that appeared to be breaking forth from the interior; the entrances themselves are 20 feet high and 14 wide. The total height of the exterior structure is about 160 feet.

The first three stories have open arcades with arches 20 feet high; 160 statues of marble or bronze occupied the openings. Above the arcades is an upper gallery of unbroken masonry with a few square windows. Between the arches of the arcaded stories stand

* 50 Valley Drive, London, N. W. 9, England. January, 1940.

half columns, Doric on the ground floor, Corinthian on the second and Ionic on the third. Thus from bottom to top the pillars become more decorative. The upper wall is decorated with pilasters that carry to the top of the building the continuity of the pillars below. Large bronze shields were placed between the pilasters. From this wall protrude 240 stone brackets each pierced to receive a wooden mast. These masts carried the scarlet awning which Roman mariners spread as protection against the sun.

The exterior of the building is of a greyish-brown travertine, a kind of calcareous tufa. The decorations are moderate so as not to lessen the majesty of the whole. The circumference is about a third of a mile. The open arcaded halls were popular corridors; from them one could command a fine view of the splendor of imperial Rome. A little less than half the original exterior masonry has been preserved.

In the center lies the arena, 281 feet long and 177 wide. A 15-foot wall separated the arena from the spectators and acted as a protection from wild beasts loosed there. The tiers of seats are arranged so that from every place there was an uninterrupted view of the center of the arena. Four tiers are separated from each other by circular walls carried on columns and pillars which form the arcaded corridors visible from outside the building.

The immense auditorium was capa-

ble of seating 40,000 to 50,000 spectators. Some place the figure as high as 87,000. Each of the spectators was given a ticket showing the number of his seat, the number of the row, and the number of the entrance gate. The crowd outside the theater was divided into sections by railings. From each gate there was a wide staircase leading to four entrances to the seats. Everything was so well organized that the vast crowd could quit the Colosseum comfortably in eight or ten minutes.

The first row of seats in the first tier was occupied by the Roman nobility, a special box being set apart for the emperor, seats of honor for the imperial family, foreign princes, ambassadors, senators and vestal virgins. The remainder of this tier was for the Roman nobility.

The second tier was reserved for Roman citizens who had the right to wear the toga. The third was for the ladies of Rome; and the fourth for the lower classes who were not privileged to wear the toga. There was also a narrow row of seats for the sailors who had the job of setting up the awning.

One is accustomed to stress the gigantic size of the Colosseum, and rightly so. But some modern arenas are several times larger than it was. Even in Roman times it was outclassed by the Great Circus for chariot racing which could hold 150,000 spectators in Caesar's day, and later on 385,000. The uniqueness of the Colosseum lay

in its splendor. Seats and staircases were of multicolored marbles. Walls were covered with brilliant mosaics. All was sparkle and color under the southern sun. Above everything billowed the great scarlet awning.

Add to this picture the imperial court in purple, the senators in white togas bordered with purple, the vestal virgins in spotless white, the nobles in flower-embroidered cloaks; citizens in the solemn, white toga; ladies in brilliant costumes; the multicolored garments of the common people. All this splendor was ranged in a frame of architectural magnificence whose lines seemed to create an order in the assembly mirroring forth the firmness of the established Roman order.

The building, which is an enduring monument to the fame of the Flavian architects, was begun by Vespasian after his victory over the Jews in A. D. 70, and was completed by his son, the Emperor Titus, by whom it was opened with grand games in A. D. 80.

There were no theatrical performances comparable to those in a modern theater. Here men fought against wild beasts, and always it was a question of life or death. The arena could be flooded to stage sea fights; there were sinkings of ships, stabbings, drownings.

Gladiatorial schools were established for the training of guilds of gladiators in the use of various types of weapons. Thousands of gladiators were butchered annually in fight. It was usual

for the vanquished gladiator to be slain. The life of the loser depended upon the temper of the mob.

Animal fights were popular, too. Here were brought lions, panthers, leopards, bears, buffalos, elephants, boars, crocodiles, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, stags, ostriches, foxes, monkeys and giraffes. Hundreds of beasts were often incited to fight at one time. In one game before Pompey 500 lions and 410 other African beasts fought. Augustus boasted of having used up 3,500 beasts in 26 fights.

Often men were forced into the arena with the animals and had to fight for their lives; these were slaves, prisoners of war, and men sentenced to death, among them Christians condemned because of their faith. Such prisoners were often led into the arena in masses and bound to poles to be torn to pieces by the beasts. Sometimes they were given inferior weapons to defend themselves with; but it always ended in a cruel death.

The spectators gloated over the convulsions of the dying men and animals; yelled applause; were fired with lust for blood. All decent human sentiment was dead in them. There is hardly any other place in the world which has drunk so much blood as the arena of the Colosseum; its soil is drenched with the blood of martyrs.

Christians were considered enemies of the state because they renounced its gods and refused to sacrifice to them.

Their lot was that of criminals. If torture could not bring them back to paganism, the death sentence was pronounced. They were made to fight with gladiators or wild beasts; they were thrown, helpless victims, to the beasts; they were bound or nailed to crosses; they were targets for crack shots; they were burned at the stake or beheaded.

The first martyr in the Colosseum was the holy bishop of Antioch, Ignatius. The animals tore him to pieces and devoured his body, leaving only a few bones.

The Christians used to wait at the Gate of the Goddess of Death where the remains of bodies were brought out; there they reverently collected the ashes of those burned at the stake or gathered up the blood of the slain martyrs with cloths and sponges; sometimes they bought the hallowed remains of the bodies.

It was as late as A. D. 404 that the Emperor Honorius forbade the shedding of human blood in the Colosseum. The occasion was a daring deed of Telemachos, a monk from the Orient. At the beginning of a fight this monk jumped into the arena and tore the fighters apart, crying, "Thou shalt not kill." The infuriated mob stoned him to death. The emperor was so deeply moved that he forbade all such games and executions. Animal fights, however, continued.

Meanwhile, 1,500 years have elapsed.

The sway of the Romans and the race which persecuted the Church so cruelly are gone. The names of the persecutors are branded on the pages of history. But the Church still stands, and the great army of martyrs speaks of loyalty to God and supreme heroism. The Colosseum is a ruin. It stood in undiminished splendor until the time of Charlemagne (A. D. 800). St. Bede (A. D. 673-735) relates the following prophecy:

While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand;

When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall;

When Rome falls, then falls with it the world.

Its destruction began under Guiscard, Duke of Normandy, in 1048. Animal fights were then still held there. It has since often served as a rendezvous for robbers and rabble, and as a fortress in many riots and civil wars. In the 14th century it became a stone quarry for the great *Palazzo Venezia*, now Mussolini's ministerial offices, for the chancelleries, for the Farnese Palace and many other buildings. From the time of Pope Nicolas V we hear of regular orders for building stone from the Colosseum. In 1452 one contractor received 2,522 cartloads of travertine from the Colosseum within nine months.

But in 1741 Pope Benedict XIV protected it against further demolition. He had a mighty cross of wood erected

in the center of the arena and 14 stations in the inner circle. Every Friday until 1870 the stations of the cross were made, and crowds flocked there to take part in a moving spectacle which typified the triumph of the cross over paganism. Pius VII, Pius IX and Leo XIII averted the danger of collapse by erecting strong buttresses.

After the fall of Rome in 1870 the

freethinking government removed the cross and the stations. The ground was partly torn up; and this led to the discovery of a maze of corridors and rooms below. Further excavations are in progress. Pius XI was able to erect the cross anew. While excavations are going on, the cross has had to be temporarily removed, but it is to be planted again in a place of honor.



Charity Begins

There is no lack of missionary interest in Darkest Africa or Yellow China, but somehow one feels a particular absence of interest in this same work at home. I don't know quite how to explain this. Is there anything more important than to convert the British workman? Is there anything more important than to convert the man behind the drug counter, in the furniture department, the fire station? Is there anything more important than to try to develop Catholic homes, Catholic families, Catholic children? Many are willing to answer, "No, of course not," but few are willing to substantiate their remarks.

Martin Dempsey requested in the *Catholic Gazette* (March '40).

At Home?

It is not solely by the perfecting of its cells that the body grows, but by the addition of new cells. Likewise in the mystical Body. Thus the slogan, "There's China (or Africa, or India) enough at home," is not only wrong but idiotic; wrong because of its rank individualism, idiotic because it denies that growth is essential for a body to achieve its proper stature. The two means of prayer and alms must be divided proportionately between the "perfecting" function and that of the "adding" or growing. The "perfecting" of the Church at home to the stunting of the mystical Body's growth is intrinsically wrong.

Desmond Stringer in *China* (April '40).

Our Colored Neighbors

By JOSEPH O. BOWERS, S.V.D.

Natives of the islands

Condensed from *St. Augustine's Messenger**

Our colored Catholic neighbors of the West Indies live on a chain of widely scattered islands which extend from Florida to Venezuela in South America. The portion of the Atlantic which they occupy is called the Caribbean Sea, a world trade route, second only to the Mediterranean in importance. The combined area of the Islands is about 100,000 square miles, more than twice the size of Pennsylvania. The population is 12 million, some 8 million being colored. Two-thirds of the 12 million population are Catholic.

The West Indian Islands vary in size from Cuba, 800 miles in length, to tiny islets only a few acres square which afford a place of sanctuary to sea gulls and wild animals. It is like traveling from one European nation to another to tour the Islands. "One day you are beneath the white-crossed, scarlet flag of Denmark, the next you are under the banner of old England. You fall asleep with the strains of *God Save the King* wafted to you from the British fort, and gaze shoreward the next morning to see the tricolor fluttering above a typically French town. You spend a forenoon strolling about a town which might be on a Mediterranean shore, with the soft babble of Spanish in your ears and, ere night-

fall, you look upon tiled roofs, chimney pots, and dormer windows, with busy market women clattering about in wooden shoes, and you feel as if you had been whisked from Spain to Holland. You pay your boatman in shillings and pence, and a few hours after you are bargaining with another in francs and centimes, and ere another day has ended you may be striving mentally to reduce guilders to dollars or betallin to centavos and pesetas. And if you don't like foreign ways, if you feel strange and ill at ease among people whose speech you cannot grasp, you need not despair, for Uncle Sam, also, has a foothold in this polyglot archipelago."

When discovered by Columbus, in the years 1492-1494, the West Indies were occupied mainly by the Caribs, South American Indians who lived in savage fashion by hunting and fishing and who occupied their leisure moments in fighting their more peaceable neighbors, the Arawaks. The rough colonial methods of the Spanish settlers having brought these tribes to the verge of extinction, the labor needed for the cultivation of the Spaniards' huge estates was supplied by Negro slaves from the west coast of Africa. At the dawn of the 16th century sev-

**Techny, Ill. March, 1940.*

eral such estates had been established in the Caribbees. The marketing of slaves, started 50 years before by Spanish and Portuguese navigators, had by this time developed into a regular industry.

At first only such Africans as had already been converted to Christianity in Spain were exported to the Antilles. But as the demand for labor grew, the colonists were allowed to fill the depleted ranks of their laborers with direct importation from Africa.

In spite of their harsh treatment of the natives, which was inspired more by their greed for gold than by innate cruelty, the *hidalgos* looked well after the spiritual welfare of their charges. To this they were partly forced by the home government, which always regarded the conversion of native tribes as one of the primary objects of Spanish colonization. Columbus himself had with him a priest on his second voyage of discovery, Father Juan Perez, who celebrated the first Mass in the New World on the island of Haiti, Dec. 8, 1493. Hardly a ship set sail from Spain for the Islands which did not contain enthusiastic missionaries, especially Franciscans and Jesuits, out to conquer new kingdoms for Christ. The effect of the work of these pioneers has survived to the present, for the inhabitants of the Islands where the Spanish settled, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo and Trinidad are still either entirely Catholic, or mostly so.

The Christianization of several of the smaller islands, which form what are known as the Lesser Antilles, fell to the lot of the French. In 1625 a trading company had been formed with the purpose of claiming for the country of the fleur-de-lis a share in the fabulous riches of the newly discovered Indies. The French succeeded in obtaining a foothold on several of the smaller islands as well as in colonizing the island known today as Haiti, or the Black Republic. To the famous *Code Noir* of Louis XIV, which provided for the Baptism and education in the Catholic faith of slaves and their children, and to the efforts of secular, Dominican and Jesuit priests in the 16th and 17th centuries, can be traced the almost 100%, if sometimes nominal, Catholicity of the islands which have come under French influence.

Strangely enough, the same holds true of the islands which the Dutch obtained in the 17th-century scramble of the maritime nations of Europe for colonial possessions. But this was due to quite a different reason. To the Hollanders, it seemed unfitting that slaves should have the same religion as their Protestant masters and worship in the same churches with them. In consequence, Catholic priests were given free scope for their activities among the Negroes. Hence it is that today, of the 61,000 inhabitants of the Dutch West Indies, of whom about 40,000

are Negroes, over 54,000 are Catholics.

Starting out in the same year as the French, the British saw the turn of the 19th century with well over 800,000 slaves, or 100,000 more than the French possessed, settled on islands which they themselves had colonized or taken from the French and Spaniards. It is in these colonies that the majority of colored West Indian non-Catholics are to be found. In a combined population of 1,792,000 British subjects, 360,000 are Catholics. The greater number of these are in the Catholic islands of St. Lucia, Dominica and Trinidad, which were formerly

French or Spanish possessions. Jamaica, with a population of 916,000, 98% of whom are colored, has scarcely 50,000 Catholics.

Probably one of the chief hindrances to the conversion of the million or so non-Catholics is the lack of sufficient priests for adequate missionary work. This difficulty is greatly increased by lack of adequate communication facilities, which renders it difficult in many cases even for pastors to take proper care of their territories. The solution of this difficulty will come only with an increase in the number of native vocations.



Eggs

I had a marvelous time on the roof of a large New York hotel one day. It was a Friday. In company with 600 others I sat down to lunch in the roof garden restaurant. The 600 comprised an organization which was holding an all-day meeting. The luncheon menu had been selected by the group. Though a Friday, 600 lamb chops were served.

All went well until a waiter placed a chop before me. "I'll take a poached egg," I said quietly.

I thought the man would turn a vivid green. Obviously I had thrown a monkey wrench into the works. What could be the matter? Soon the head waiter was at my side. He spoke soothingly, as though to placate me until the strong armed guard arrived to clap on a strait jacket.

"Doesn't madame care for her chop?" he asked.

"You forget perhaps," said I, "that today is Friday. I'll take a poached egg."

Tragically, the head waiter explained. "But madame," he urged coaxingly, "I'll have to send down 20 floors for a poached egg!"

"What a pity!" I sympathized. "Be sure it doesn't get cold on the way up."

There must have been other Catholics among those 600 women. Three of the ten at my table were Catholics. But seeing the fuss, and being gentlewomen, they just smiled and said they "didn't like eggs."

Dorothy Fremont Grant in the *Epistle* (Winter '40).

Protestants Praise Mary

Figs from thistles

By HENRY J. CROMEY, O.M.I.

Condensed from the *Oblate World**

The reason for the Catholic attitude towards the blessed Virgin has been demonstrated times without number by Catholic writers. Yet Protestants in general still misunderstand Mary's position in the Catholic heart and home. The callous calumny persists that we "adore the Virgin," that we tender her the worship that belongs solely to our blessed Lord. How jealously they protect Him from His Mother!

Doctrinally the Protestant who believes in the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures cannot deny the basic Catholic teaching about the blessed Virgin. He must admit that she is "full of grace," that God chose her out of all the women of the ages to be the Mother of His Son, that this divine Son lived for 30 years in Mary's home at Nazareth and "was subject" to her. The same scriptural record tells the non-Catholic that Jesus performed His first miracle at Mary's request, and that the last words He addressed to man as He hung upon the cross were spoken to her whom alone He called mother. Yet in practice, devout Protestants seem to think that every word of praise given to Mary is so much honor taken from her Son.

Their objections involve three chief

points: (1) that there is something almost blasphemous in looking upon Mary as a mediator (not the Mediator) between God and man; (2) that we falsely attribute to her a supreme spotlessness of soul in the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception (a doctrine which, incidentally, many Protestants confuse with the Virgin Birth); (3) that we detract from the honor of God by "idolizing" Mary, making her out to be the perfect woman.

Yet Protestant literature abounds in affirmations of these three great prerogatives of Mary. Remarkable to relate, some of the most beautiful tributes ever paid to our Lady have been written by Protestants and those of no religious faith.

Perhaps the most perfect epigram crystallizing the exact doctrine of the Immaculate Conception in one unforgettable line is Wordsworth's:

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed

By the least shade of thought to sin allied;

Woman above all women glorified.

Our tainted nature's solitary boast!

Catholic preachers have made the most of that quotation, which is all the more startling in that it was written more than 30 years before the defi-

**Holy Wood, Essex, N. Y. March, 1940.*

nition of the dogma in 1854, and by a writer noted for his violent denunciation of the Church of Rome.

The Catholic doctrine with regard to Mary's intercessory power, as the mediatrix of graces, appears simply and clearly in the serene poetry of Longfellow and the smooth prose of Hawthorne. The former, in his *Golden Legend*, writes:

And even as children who have much
offended

A too-indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister and confiding
wait

Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw
near

With their requests an angry Father's
ear,

Offer to her their prayers and their
confession,

And she for them in heaven makes
intercession.

The same thought appears in *The Blithedale Romance*:

"I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Even Browning, referred to frequently as a "detached Christian," strikes a like note in the following well-known lines:

There is a vision in the heart of each,
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
To wrong and pain and knowledge of
its cure;

And these, embodied in a Woman's
form,

That best transmits them, pure as first
received,

From God above her to mankind below.

Mary's prerogative as the ideal woman is attested to by many Protestant pens, so many that our own Francis Thompson was prompted to describe her as the woman

T'ward whom climb

The steps of the world, and beats all
wings of rhyme

And knows not!

From the unlikeliest of sources and the most virulently anti-Catholic minds have sprung spontaneous thoughts which have more fully and clearly expressed the essence of Catholic Mariology than have many Catholic writings on the subject. Here is an excerpt from a Scotch Presbyterian minister, Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., who praises "and knows not":

"The divine congruity compels me to believe that all that could be received, or attained, or exercised, by any woman would be granted beforehand, and all but without measure, to her

who was so miraculously to bear, and so intimately and influentially to nurture and instruct, the Holy Child. We must give Mary her promised due."

John Ruskin, cold critic and historian; Hartpole Lecky, agnostic historian; Charles Kingsley, foe of Catholicism; even Rudyard Kipling, the rough-and-ready soldier bard, have paid tribute to "the woman toward whom climb the steps of the world."

Ruskin: "After the most careful examination, neither as friend nor as adversary, I am persuaded that the 'worship' [veneration] of the Madonna has been one of Catholicity's most noble and vital graces, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character."

Lecky: "Because of her [the Virgin Mary] and through her, woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness became recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. All that was best in Europe clustered 'round this ideal of woman, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."

Kingsley: "Our hearts and reason tell us, and have told all Christians in all ages, that the blessed Virgin must have been holier, nobler, fairer in body and soul, than all women upon earth."

Robert Buchanan, infidel: "The veneration of the Virgin is to my mind, the mind of an unbeliever, full of holiness and beauty. We owe to it a great deal that is ennobling in life, in art, in literature. I myself see in the Virgin the exquisite in literature, the exquisite incarnation of divine motherhood, well worthy of the reverence of any man, whatever be his theological beliefs."

And from Kipling we have this prayer in verse:

O Mary! pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that goes tomorrow
Before the God who gave!
As each was born of woman,
For each in utter need,
True comrade and brave foeman,
Madonna, intercede!

These are but a few of Mary's roses, culled from supposedly unfertile soil. We present them, with her compliments, to our Protestant friends.



In a certain monastery each of the brethren was supposed to see to his neighbor's interest at table, rather than his own. One day a Brother found a mouse in his soup, and not feeling equal to the gastronomical feat of swallowing it, he looked hopefully at the server. Nothing happened. He waited, hoping his neighbor would notice something. Still nothing happened. Then he had a bright idea. Summoning the server, he said to him earnestly, "Brother server, the Brother next to me has *no mouse* in his soup!"

Father Mathew Record (March '40).

Religious Revival in France

By SOMERSET MAUGHAM

War and men's souls

Condensed from the *Catholic Herald**

While waiting in Paris for the arrangements to be made which would enable me to see for myself, both at the front and elsewhere, the great effort France was making in this moment of trial, I went one afternoon to Notre Dame des Victoires.

It was a cold, gray afternoon. There was no service, but in the chapel of Our Lady of Victories was a great crowd. Rich and poor together, they sat and knelt in silence, men of all ages, women young and old, and prayed, and some of them wept.

There were high officers with the Legion of Honor on their tunics and private soldiers in their drab uniform.

I saw a young, strapping boy come in, he might have been just 20 and soon would go to the war, and standing at the back, ashamed perhaps to join the throng, with a set, serious face, his lips just moving, utter his silent supplication.

Now and again someone stepped forward with a tall candle and gave it to the attendant, who lit it and placed it in one of the great stands on each side of the altar. The altar blazed with candles so that you could only just discern the shadowed statue of the blessed Virgin, with the imperial crown on her head and the crowned

Child in her arms. Though all the candles, on the altar and on each side of it, were subject, I should have thought, to the same draft, it was strange that it had not the same effect on all. Some burnt with a clean motionless flame, and they were like the souls of men steadfast in their faith who faced the dark future with serenity, and some flickered with a wavering, restless light, and they were like the anguished, faltering souls of men who did not know, who feared and doubted, and yet with desperate longing sought that peace which passeth all understanding.

It is generally said that the French are a nation of skeptics. I have never believed it. They are a mocking people, with a keen sense of irony and a lively wit, but deep down in their innermost being, notwithstanding their protestations of agnosticism and their ribald jesting at sacred things, there is a religious sense which, however much they would, they can seldom altogether escape.

Catholicism is in their bones. It is inextricably connected with their love of the soil; it has its roots in their powerful sense of the family which we in England know so little. It is natural that in times of deadly danger,

*67 Fleet St., London, E. C. 4, England. Feb. 16-23, 1940.

when the existence of the nation is at stake, the thoughts of men should turn to matters which in other times are crowded out by the multifarious occupations of the day.

And while I was visiting the armies in the field, going 'round the armament factories, talking to the refugees from Alsace and Lorraine, chatting with officers in a man-of-war, I kept my ears open and slipped in a discreet question when the opportunity presented itself. I wanted to discover what spiritual effect this war was having on those who were engaged in it. I wanted to know whether this great disaster had restored men's faith in God and whether, face to face with death as so many of them were, they found in that faith strength and solace.

But these are difficult things to get anyone to talk to you about and, thinking that priests must know a good deal which would never be disclosed to me by soldiers, I thought it wiser to address myself to them.

A bishop told me that in his diocese alone 500 priests have been mobilized. They have taken with them Mass kits containing an altar stone, chalice, cruets and vestments made for them by charitable ladies in the diocese. If possible, the little case containing these objects is put on a truck, but if not, they carry it themselves with their accouterment.

They say Mass, often before dawn if there is work to do, even in the

advanced trenches of the Maginot line.

I asked a bishop how the priests got on with the other men. Very well, he told me. They ate with them, fought with them, sharing their pains, material and spiritual, so that the men who had been accustomed only to see the priest flying by on his bicycle, his cassock tucked round his legs, and after their Confirmation had never had any communication with him, discovered that he was a man like themselves. His spiritual side inspired their respect.

I asked the bishop whether in his opinion the war had occasioned in France a real revival of religious feeling. "There is no doubt of it," he answered. "It is unmistakable."

I asked him whether he thought this was due to the fear of death. "Partly, of course," he replied, "but not entirely. For it has affected not only the men at the front, but also the reservists at the rear who know they will never be called upon to risk their lives."

Men this time, he said, had not gone to the war with cheering and singing as they went to the last war, but with dismay, yet with determination; with sadness, yet with fortitude; they went as to a crusade.

He told me also that since the outbreak of the war services were attended as never before; soldiers in large numbers came, officers, too, and officials of the Republic, who in the past would have feared, *par respect humain* (fear

of public opinion), to be seen at Mass.

The priests recognize this powerful sentiment and indeed regard it, if I am not mistaken, with a resigned and ironic tolerance, for none more than they know what allowances must be made for human weakness; but it is a sentiment strange to us English, who, I suggest, are on the whole indifferent to what others think of us. Perhaps we are less sensitive to disapproval and more obstinate in our self-will. In France you can kill a man by ridicule; in England you have only to laugh at him enough to make him an important public character. *Le respect humain* has had an important influence in France, but the war by all accounts has largely broken its power.

Thinking, however, that from dignitaries of the Church I was likely to get only the official view, as it were, of this change of heart which so deeply interested me, I made it my business to get in touch with parish priests in rural districts.

I went to see one, the curé of a village in the depths of the country, a red-faced man with waving thick hair and blunt features, who had been all through the last war as a private soldier and had been severely gassed. He still suffered from the effects. He was a friendly, hearty soul, a peasant still as his fathers had been before him for generations, and there clung to him a pleasant savor of the soil from which they had through the years wrung

their bread. "It does me good to see how they're coming back," he said, his eyes shining with kindness. I asked him, too, whether it was from the fear of death. "No," he answered, "they have gone to war from a sense of duty, and their duty to their country reminds them of their duty to God."

He told me that he had a letter from a friend of his at the front, a priest, who told him how men took him aside and started a casual conversation, then made their confession to him; and how others came up to him as he was about to say his Mass and asked him to pray for their wives and children.

"And what," I asked him, "do you priests think of being asked to fight?" He laughed. "There would not be enough stones on the road to stone us with, there wouldn't be enough slanders for our enemies to fling at us, if, when every man in the country is answering the call of duty and honor we stood aside. But we are glad to go."

Another country priest was an Englishman and it was strange to find him as curé of this tiny parish in the middle of France. He lived in a little stone house, two centuries old, next to the church, and when the door was opened I found myself in the kitchen. On the stove was cooking in a casserole the solitary dish of the priest's evening meal. An old woman led me along a dark and narrow passage to his living room. It was untidy and comfortless, but a small stove afforded a grateful

warmth. A shelf of books added a friendly note.

So many priests have been mobilized that now he has had to take charge of six parishes. He says Mass in three on alternate Sundays, and in the other three holds services on Sunday afternoons. "It's a bit of a job to get around to them all on my bicycle," he said.

He had the same story to tell me as the others. He talked to me of such of his parishioners as had gone to the front. He wrote to them constantly, and they told him that they were pleased to receive his letters. He hunted all over the room to find the answer he had just had from one of them, and at last found it under his nose.

He wanted to read it to me because it was from an uneducated man, whose father worked in the fields, and who had never before shown any interest in spiritual things. The priest put on his spectacles. "It's written in such a shocking bad hand that it's hard to read," he said. It was very short, but it seemed to me that no educated man could have said better. "I was called up to fight for France. It was hard to leave my home and my family. But of course it was my duty to go. Thank you for your prayers for me. I hope that God will give us the peace with justice that we are fighting for and that by His mercy we shall have security for our children."

A bishop, who during the last war

was in command of a regiment, has given me a number of letters which he has received from his priests and deacons in the fighting line. One of them begins as follows: "We have just been passing six days in the second line under the German guns, and tomorrow we are going back to the front. Trench life will begin again. We shall have to work by day and fight by night. We shall have to dig trenches, build shelters, and pump out the water that is flooding everything. Then by night we shall have to take our arms, our machine guns and grenades, and be ready to use them at the alarm."

And it ends thus: "Another time they called me to a man who had just been mortally wounded. They told him, 'Here's R. He's by your side.' He opened his eyes and looked at me, and when I said the act of contrition he repeated the words after me. I asked him if he would receive Communion, and he nodded. I put my little case on the corner of my cloak and I took the Body of Christ in my hands and with tears in my eyes I said, *Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam*. He died soon after.

"So tomorrow I'm going up once more to join the men in the front line, but this time without guns or grenades, taking with me only the Body of Christ to give to those who are to meet Him. We are all on the way towards Him, and our souls are uplifted."

Little Saint Agnes

By HELEN WALKER HOMAN

Read it to a child

Excerpt from a book*

Many, many years ago Agnes lived in the wonderful city of Rome. A mighty emperor sat upon the throne and sent his soldiers far and wide to hold the countries Rome had conquered. Almost everything in the whole world was Roman, even the noses; and I think the emperor must have had the largest Roman nose of all, because he was the emperor.

When Agnes went to walk she would pass beautiful buildings and marble statues like those we see in books, only the arms and the heads had not yet been broken off. Beyond the high gates she could look into blooming gardens belonging to rich houses.

Agnes thought about our Lord a great deal, but she did not speak of Him when she was away from home. Her mother had told her that she must keep Him a secret, because at that time there were very few people who believed in our Lord. Nearly everyone in Rome believed in false gods and goddesses. Instead of going to church they prayed to their false gods in temples where they burned incense before the images and left them presents. And they believed that the false god would hear their prayers.

Agnes' father and mother knew bet-

ter than this, because they were Christians. They would have liked to have told people about Christ, but the emperor hated our Lord and punished all the Christians he could find. This only made Agnes love our Lord more than ever. Her mother had told her that the name "Agnes" really meant a lamb. The lambs themselves seemed to know this very well, for whenever they saw Agnes coming they would run to meet her and wait for her to stroke them. Then she would play with them for hours under the trees.

One day a farmer gave Agnes a little lamb all for her own, and after that she took it with her everywhere she went.

Now Agnes was beginning to grow quite rapidly. She did not play and romp so much as she had when she was younger, but would often sit in the field and think. Being a Christian made her different from the other children she knew and she would have liked talking about it with her friends, but she dared not. She saw the dreadful things that happened to the Christians who were discovered. How could people hate our Lord when He went about all His life doing good?

One day, as she was thinking of this, suddenly it seemed as though a shining

*Little Saint Agnes. 1938. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City. 38 pp. \$1.00.

white dove flew out of the sky and placed a beautiful ring upon her finger.

Agnes knew at once that it was our Lord's ring, and was a sign He loved her so much that He wanted her to belong to Him forever. She promised Him that she would, and never before had she felt as happy as she did this day. For she had become our Lord's bride.

Not long after that happy afternoon, Agnes and the lamb were walking home from school one day. Three young men stood on the road watching them. They were richly dressed, and as Agnes drew near, one of them stepped forward and spoke to her. He looked very handsome, as he bowed to her and smiled, but the minute he did so the lamb became frightened and ran away. The young man helped Agnes catch him; and then he told her that he loved her. In two minutes, he was asking her to marry him.

Agnes was very much surprised. She did not want to be rude, but neither did she wish to marry anyone. So, as kindly as she could, she said to the young man, "I cannot promise to marry you, for I am already promised to another."

She was thinking of our Lord.

The young man was very sorry, for he loved Agnes greatly. He was angry, too, because his friends had laughed at him when they heard her refuse to marry him. Being rich and handsome, he thought that any girl should be

delighted to marry him. Many young men are like that.

So he went home, sulking, and told his father, whose name was Sempronius. Sempronius was called a prefect. He could put people in prison for wrongdoing, and have them punished cruelly. He set a spy to watch Agnes and her family. The spy peered through their window at night, and saw them all praying before a cross, and then he knew that they were Christians. He ran and told Sempronius. Now at last Sempronius knew to whom Agnes was promised!

He put on his robes of justice and went to the hall where, as prefect, he judged people. Then he had his soldiers bring Agnes before him. When the lamb saw the young man again pleading with Agnes, he became very frightened, so she had to hold him in her arms. Then Sempronius began to question Agnes.

"Why will you not marry my son?" he demanded.

"Because I shall never marry anyone," she answered.

"If you will never marry anyone," said Sempronius, "you must let us take you to the temple of Vesta."

Now Vesta was one of the false goddesses worshipped by the pagans.

"All good girls who do not wish to marry serve Vesta," declared Sempronius. "So you must come with us and burn incense at her altar."

"I can never do that," said Agnes,

"for there is only one true God. I will burn incense only to Him!"

It was terrible to see how angry Sempronius became. He frightened Agnes by telling her of the awful ways in which he could punish her, and he had his soldiers drag her off to a dark prison. Before he sent her through the streets, he had her robe taken away from her, and poor Agnes was very much ashamed to be without any clothes. But God made her hair grow suddenly very long. It fell to the tips of her toes, and so she went off to prison wearing a golden cloak.

The soldiers would not let her take the lamb, but he trotted along behind her, and waited patiently outside the prison, hoping she would soon come out. Agnes at first was terribly frightened, but when she entered the prison she found her own beautiful angel waiting there for her. He gave her a shining robe which the angels themselves had made. As soon as Agnes put it on, it shone brighter than the sun, and no one could look at it because the great light hurt their eyes.

Agnes knew that she must ask God to send her the greatest courage, when she found out they were going to put her to death. She told our Lord that she was only a little girl of 12 and could not help her tears. But soon she felt comforted, for the angel appeared again and told her how much God loved her for suffering for His sake.

Sempronius had the cruel soldiers

drive her before them at the point of their lances. They could not see her angel flying over her, but Agnes could, and it gave her great courage. The little lamb, not knowing what they intended, danced along by her side for joy that at last she was out of prison.

Then suddenly Agnes saw a great fire before her. She was afraid, but her angel whispered to her to be brave. The soldiers put Agnes in the center of the fire and all the pagans crowded around to see her suffer. But then a wonderful thing happened. The angel held her in his arms, and the hot flames ran away from her. They would not burn Agnes. Instead, they ran after the pagans and burned them badly, so that they screamed and had to jump away.

Then the soldiers told Agnes that if she would only offer incense to Vesta they would let her go home. Poor little Agnes thought of her mother and father, her foster sister and the lamb, and wanted very much to go to them, but she loved our Lord so much that she could not be false to Him. So she told the soldiers that she would rather die than worship Vesta. By this time most of them were very sorry for her; they had come to know her courage and did not wish to harm her. But because the emperor had said every Christian must die, they finally killed little Agnes with a sword.

Everyone had wept except Agnes herself. She was only wonderfully

happy, knowing that she was proving her love for our Lord in the greatest way of all. She was dying for Him. And she has been with Him ever since, and will be forever. She looks down upon the world, and she loves the children who are brave and pure.

I am sure you are wondering what became of Agnes' lamb. Her foster sister, Emerentiana, took him home and cared for him with great kindness until it was time for him to die, too. And then I think that Agnes took him up into heaven for the infant angels to play with.

Every year two little lambs with garlands around their necks are solemnly

blessed in honor of Saint Agnes. Then they are sent away to live in the convent garden of Saint Cecilia where the good nuns let them eat and play happily. By Easter time their wool has grown very long and soft, and the lambs gladly give it up in honor of Saint Agnes that it may be woven into a certain part of the costume of archbishops.

So if you ever see an archbishop wearing a pallium on some great feast, you will know that it was made from the wool of Saint Agnes' own little lambs.

There is no nicer wool in all the world.



The Coming of the Kid

"Catechist, lookut this here kid what I brung," said nine-year-old Tony as he proudly pushed a small boy into the room. "He's ten years old an' he don't know nuthin'."

Matthew did his best to conceal any trace of interest in the lesson, but he did show pleasure in receiving the Catechism I offered him.

In reply to my invitation to come to class every week he answered, "I might come again some time if I'm not too busy."

Matthew did come again. It was not very long before he could answer a few questions in a manner all his own. One day a child stated that God made the world and Matthew objected.

"Who did make it then?" he was asked.

"Nobody. There wasn't nothin' there to make it out of. God said, 'Wisht I had a world' and bingo! the old world popped out of nowhere."

Matthew is now getting ready for Baptism. At first his parents objected but gradually relented, for Matthew wields influence in his family. The latest report from him was, "Sure I go to Mass every Sunday. If I didn't, how could I be sure my dad would go?"

Blanche Lawler in *Our Sunday Visitor* (17 March '40).

Mothers Must Rest

By a SOCIAL WORKER

Part-time work for anyone

Condensed from a yearbook*

"For Christ's sake, do something!"

You don't like this sentence. It shocks you. You have an idea that it is not reverent. That is because you never hear the phrase except from the lips of some loafer.

Well, I propose to discuss a very serious problem in Catholic charity and say to you, "For Christ's sake, do something!"

Last summer our conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was called upon to designate children to go to our summer camp. We went to one family where there were nine children. First we had to sell the idea to the children. No matter how large a family or how uncomfortable the home the little ones do not like to leave it. Then we had to sell the idea to the mother. No matter how many children the mother may have she just can't see any of them going away for even a short period. Well, we got acceptance from both ends. The day came and three of the children reported to the doctor for the examination preliminary to joining the group bound for the summer camp. They were rejected because they were suffering from pediculosis, which in plain language means *lice*. The mother was annoyed because she had not suf-

ficient notice to prepare the children! The conference committee was annoyed at the thought of a mother needing notice to perform so essential an act of cleanliness. The conference was annoyed because it lost the opportunity of having three children sent to the camp and the camp authorities were annoyed because there were three vacant chairs at the dining table when so many children were waiting to go there. Everybody seemed to criticize the mother and yet we had a sympathetic feeling for her.

We ourselves come from a large family and I remember the days when my own scalp was scrutinized with simian enthusiasm, yet the mere fact that we were maintained at a high standard of cleanliness never closed our eyes to the tremendous problem that these mothers of large families have.

This mother in question was visited by us the following spring. She told us all were well, thank God. Two weeks afterward she was taken to the hospital. Her tenth child made a frantic but futile effort to come into the world and the mother made a frantic but futile effort to remain in it. We saw her little gray casket wheeled down the main aisle of the church with

*1937-38. Particular Council of Queens of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, 44 Union Hall St., Jamaica, N. Y.

a few shabby mourners and we knew that another family had been blown to pieces beyond human help.

This of course is the most tragic end that we can indicate. How far help, given to this mother when she was trying to handle her tremendous domestic problems with a husband out of work, would have saved the situation is of course speculative.

We have now on our little conference list three families of eight children each. The mothers are still young; but they were born and reared under circumstances and in a generation that wholly unfit them to handle so grave a problem. These mothers are just as pleasant and intelligent as any you can meet. They are just face to face with a problem that is too much for them. You yourselves in your youth had friends like them. Where is the little girl Maud who was your confidante and companion? She went to Communion with you; you exchanged little Christmas gifts; you showed each other your Easter dresses. She has passed out of the picture now for she has committed the unpardonable offense of being poor and having children.

When she comes along, your eyes cataract. Your convent-bred daughter cannot understand why you should even look at this type and your college-bred boy wisecracks about the "human rummage sale." Yet, under the unscrutable scheme of God, you might have been the one in her home among

the pots and kettles and pans and children, trying to prepare the Sunday dinner with a husband out of work for a year or two!

We grow quite sentimental on this thing and our sentiment is tawdry. We rant about "Mother's Day"; we send postal cards with a picture of Whistler's *Mother* and we sing *Mother Machree*.

We are like the celebrated English poet who shed copious tears when he saw a dead jackass in the street but heard with complacency of the death of his own mother in the almshouse!

I have before me a newspaper clipping setting forth how a mother of seven, unable to meet the domestic problems which confronted her, killed five of the children and herself, leaving a note to the two survivors that she would have killed them too but for lack of more shells for the shotgun.

Social and economic conditions make it practically impossible for women to handle successfully a family of six or more children unless some good-natured unmarried aunt steps in to help or some grandmother or somebody else equally interested is available. It does not necessarily involve sickness; even where everybody is healthy, the problem is still too great.

Eight years ago in England, in order to take her baby to a clinic, a woman locked up her home with three other children in it. When she returned she found her house in ashes and her three

children burned to death all because she did not have anyone to come in and mind her little family while she brought her sick child to the clinic. They organized a society then with the name Voluntary Unofficial Aunts, good women who would be available for just such situations as this.

We had more advanced ideas than that. Some time ago we suggested sending housekeepers into homes of large families for one or two or three days. Since then public agencies have taken up such an idea in a modified form. It is a step in the right direction, but we must go further. In presenting this idea, however, among our own workers we met with the rebuff that no self-respecting woman would like to have some stranger come in and take charge of her little family: well, just ask any poor woman with eight or nine children if she would appreciate help.

We can listen patiently to the subject discussed as a general proposition, but how quickly we protest as vulgar a detailed array of the daily events in the lives of these martyr mothers: the endless chain of odoriferous laundry; fetid atmosphere; late meals; food improperly bought; improperly prepared; improperly cooked; grumbling, incompetent, egotistical husband. Measles and mumps, scarlet fever and whooping

cough, sore eyes, infected throats, running noses, costly medicines, impractical medical orders, nights without sleep, days without rest. Sunday, day of rest! Children to be prepared for Mass, clothing inadequate; Sunday dinner; pots and kettles and pans, field day for family fighting, day of rest! Can't somebody do something? For Christ's sake, do something!

We give more consideration to a cow or horse than we do to the mother of a large family!

What we want are strong, able-bodied women with common sense who will go in and take charge of such homes. They should be amply repaid for the physical work they do, but they will do other work that God alone can repay. The whole problem of the home revolves around a normal life being assured to the mother of it.

The comfort of the mothers of large families is more important than any sociological study has ever recognized and giving these mothers one or two or three days of utter freedom from domestic responsibilities would go far toward solving the problem. They do not want any vacation outside the house which means coming back to the accumulated work incidental to their being away. They want relief in the home.

Half the controversies in the world are verbal ones and could they be brought to a plain issue, they would be brought to a prompt termination.

Cardinal Newman in *Oxford University Sermons*.

The Negro Reads

By CATHERINE DE HUECK

Condensed from the *Catholic Library World**

If books are to be had

The door opens, letting a blast of cold air into the warm room; with it enters a young Negro who, approaching the desk, asks in a cultured voice for the pope's encyclicals on labor. He heard them quoted, he explains, the night before at a labor meeting; it was the first time that this had happened. He was not a Catholic, but they had intrigued him; could he get a copy of them here?

He could, and did. Moreover, he was shown the Catholic labor, economics and ethics shelves, as well as the long row of magazines and pamphlets on the subject of interest to him. We explained that he could join the library for a fee of 25c a year, which would entitle him to a book a week. Gladly he did so, and we left him sitting at a big table, surrounded by a pile of books and magazines, happily discovering a new world of thought.

Before we even had time to return to our desk, an old colored lady walked in and wanted to know if we had a small book, with large print, on St. Anthony. A little search revealed one and she went off, murmuring her thanks.

An hour later a group of high-school youngsters came in noisily bringing with them gaiety and laughter. They

wanted a book "about the Catholic faith." For one of them (could we imagine it?) had never even heard of the saints and did not know a thing about the blessed Mother.

Thus from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M., the De Porres Catholic Lending Library at 34 W. 135th St. in the very heart of Harlem, opens its hospitable doors to a never-ending stream: all colored, who come to it in search of knowledge, help, comfort and recreation.

It is a pleasant place. Before blessed Martin de Porres made it his own, it was a bleak home relief office, which used to attract the attention of the whole neighborhood by its grimy windows and long, patient line of tired men and women.

Now the door is painted a nice, royal blue, as is the whole front of the store, in honor of the blessed Mother, of course! The 14-foot window is shiny and full of plants, among which stand gay pamphlets, answering by their very titles thousands of questions. In the center of the window there is a special display, changed every month. In seven months it showed to the public each of the seven sacraments of the Church.

The tile floor of the library is painted brick red and only St. Martha knows what work it was to get it ready for

*University of Scranton, Scranton, Pa. March, 1940.

that coat of paint: weeks of scraping off the cement that covered it in ugly patches, days of scouring and scrubbing. And now it adds a gay and cozy note to the whole place by its warm color, the same note being repeated by the multicolored books that line the shelves on both sides of the room, reaching almost to the ceiling, for there are 3,000 of them. Dividing the library in two parts is a low partition, set to serve also as a magazine rack.

Space behind the partition is used by study clubs; a miniature altar helps the one on liturgy. In a corner an electrical plate and shelves filled with blue cups and saucers remind everyone that a cup of tea is very refreshing after a long discussion.

Surveying his domain, blessed Martin stands straight against the wall fitted out in the fashion of an old-country shrine, with a vivid background of red and gold. Before him burns continually a vigil light and since both he and it can be seen from the street, many come in just to find out who he is, but stay to learn more about the Church that raised him so high.

The whole place within has a homey, cozy air, that draws people in, especially at night, when two or three study clubs sit in an animated circle, while at a long table young people read or do their homework or simply argue. None seems to mind a little noise and

everyone gets acquainted. We have study clubs on social reconstruction, liturgy, history of the Church, apologetics, Christian labor unions, Christian marriage and cooperatives. We plan more in the near future.

The 3,000 books, all Catholic ones, are subdivided into apologetics, spiritual reading, liturgy, Christology, Mariology, biography, sociology, labor, land, cooperatives, ethics, philosophy, essays, history, poetry, Negroiana, fiction, miscellaneous and reference. Four hundred Negroes take advantage of this service and the list is growing.

It is impossible to estimate how many come in to read the magazines and help themselves to the free Catholic-truth pamphlets. Approximately, at first, ten people a day came regularly. As to the pamphlets, we distribute 1,000 a month. A convert class, strictly the result of this library service, meets twice a week. Already in the 18 months of the library's existence seven have come into the Church. Eight are under instruction. Few, one might say, but who can measure the width and depth of this apostolate of the Catholic written word? The seed is scattered to the four winds. We are the sowers, God the harvester.

We finance our library entirely from charitable donations. A mission unit of a Catholic college and a saintly curate pay between them the \$45 monthly rent. A zealous man from Boston pays the light and telephone

bill. The money for books, on which \$500 a year is spent (the library carries the latest and best books in all its subdivisions), is collected from our lecture audiences. For library supplies, pamphlets and magazine subscriptions, we depend entirely on the charity of the faithful and on St. Francis de Sales, the patron of all libraries, and of course on blessed Martin de Porres who looks after it so faithfully. We continually solicit donations of old Catholic magazines, Catholic-doctrine pamphlets, and good adult and children's books.

The most popular books are the non-fiction ones. In order of popularity, they come as follows: books on the Negro, apologetics, encyclicals, and all books pertaining to labor, economics and sociology, biography, spiritual reading, philosophy, poetry and fiction.

Speaking of philosophy, we subscribed to the *Thomist* with trepidation; it was an expensive publication and who would read it, we asked ourselves. However, subscribe we did and it looked very serious and dignified on our magazine rack. We admired it from afar, and opened it but rarely.

One day a Negro in soiled overalls walked in and asked permission to look over our magazines. Straight to

the *Thomist* he went, and soon was deeply engrossed in its contents. As time went on, from our vantage point, the desk, we became more and more intrigued by a person who with apparent ease and profound interest was reading such a weighty publication. We had over an hour to speculate about him. Finally he got up and with a sigh closed the book and coming to the desk, asked if we had more books on Catholic philosophy. Proudly we pointed to a whole shelf of them. With a smile he informed us that he had always wanted to study the Catholic philosophical point of view since he had graduated in philosophy from Harvard! Could he please bring a few friends? With a catch in our breath we quickly invited him and them to make free use of all our facilities. Going now on six months, once a week, a group of six young Negroes have come and discussed vehemently Catholic and non-Catholic philosophy. Recently they asked if a priest could be found to help them. This of course will be done and now we feel intensely proud of ourselves for having subscribed to the *Thomist*.

And so the Negro reads. And if we Catholics let him, he may find the way back to our Father's house.

Change of Address

Change of residence should be reported to us as soon as possible. Send both the old and new address.

Mère Marie de l'Incarnation

By JOHN B. O'REILLY

Two lives in one

Condensed from the *Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart**

In the heart of Quebec, stands the world-famous monastery of the Ursuline nuns. Within its hallowed walls the lamp of the sanctuary has burned unquenched for 300 years. Founded by the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation while the great Cardinal Richelieu was shaping the destiny of two continents, the culture and history of two great nations meet here within the halls of one of the oldest schools in North America.

It is regrettable that the life of this heroic woman is so little known today. Heroic she was, in the fullest and highest meaning of the word, and fit for the heroic times in which she lived, for pioneers and martyrs were her friends and fellow workers. Dom Albert Jamet, O.S.B., her most recent and best biographer, has pointed out that the life of Mère Marie can be divided into two periods of almost equal length, like the panel of a diptych, 40 years in Tours and 32 in Quebec. Marie Guyart, to use the family name of Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, was born in the historic city of Tours in 1599 about the time the great St. Teresa of Avila died in Spain and Ste-Louise de Marillac, foundress of the Sisters of Charity, was born. Her father, Florent Guyart, was master of

the bakers' guild and a dealer in silks. Jeanne Michelet, her mother, was related to the noble house of Barbou de la Bourdaisiere.

Marie Guyart was reared in a home of deep piety and hard work where, during the day, women's hands were folded only in prayer. She was a lively, vivacious child. She loved to go to Mass and Vespers. The stories of St. Martin and the holy men of Tours held for her a fascinating interest.

At the age of 15 Marie was tall and majestic, with a sweet voice and graceful manners. She had dark eyes, fine features, and fair complexion. But her beauty would have been somewhat austere, had it not been for her radiant and unfailing smile. At this time she told her mother that she would like to be a nun; but her mother, thinking her daughter too full of life and happiness, advised her to reflect. Marie said no more about it. Two years later her parents arranged a marriage for her with Claude Martin, a young silk merchant of Tours. He was an excellent young man, and we have Marie's own word that she loved him sincerely. Resolving to enter a convent, if ever she became a widow, she accepted the husband that her parents had chosen for her. Her married life was one in

*160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Ont., Canada. April, 1940.

which sorrows and joys were blended. Unbelievable trials were placed in her way by a selfish and cantankerous mother-in-law. Joy came with the birth of her son Claude, whom she consecrated to God on the eve of his birth, April 2, 1619, the feast of St. Francis of Paula. But soon her husband, broken with worry, seeing bankruptcy staring him in the face, fell ill and died, leaving Marie a widow at 19 with her child of six months.

Turning from the grave of her beloved husband, she resolved to make a home for her father and son. For ten years she was in charge of a transport business, the largest in the province of Touraine, owned by Monsieur Buisson, her sister's husband. During this decade of unremitting toil, she embraced evangelical poverty, working as an unpaid servant in the Buisson household, and practiced to a heroic degree fastings, vigils, and disciplines. In her writings, at a later date, Mère Marie described these formative years: "I found myself in the thick of the merchants' hubbub, but nevertheless my spirit was plunged in the divine Majesty. I used to spend almost the whole day in a stable that served as a warehouse, and sometimes I would be on the wharf at midnight directing the loading or the unloading of merchandise. My usual company consisted of porters, carters, and even 50 or 60 horses for which it was my business to care."

It is difficult to realize that the director of the Touraine Transports, Ltd., who for ten years from early dawn to late at night kept books, cooked, made beds, and nursed the sick, was one of the greatest mystics in all history. For the Marie Guyart, who rubbed down shaggy horses and fed them oats, who stood with her lantern on the wharfs by the Loire, accomplished, at this very time, one of the most extraordinary mystical ascents of which there is any record. Favored first with the vision of the Precious Blood, then with revelations of the blessed Trinity and the Sacred Heart of our Lord, her soul was led to mystic heights for which there is no chart.

Having provided for the support and education of her son, Claude Martin, Marie entered the Ursuline Monastery of Tours on Jan. 25, 1631. The early months of her religious life were made particularly difficult by the Buissons, who hated to lose such a valuable servant. Their grievances found expression in heart-rending scenes, such as when young Claude, at their prompting, rushed through the convent crying, "Give me back my mother! Give me back my mother!" But Marie de l'Incarnation, as Madame Martin was now called, was not one of those who, putting their hands to the plough, looked back. Her interest was the kingdom of God. Favored with an infused knowledge of Latin and a deeper insight into the meaning

of the Sacred Scriptures, she climbed higher and higher on her spiritual way. Among the miracles of grace bestowed upon her was a vision of Canada, the future field of her labors. By 1636 her vocation was clear. She must bring the spirit of the precepts of the Gospel to the new world. Three years later, in May, 1639, every preparation was made. Mère Marie de l'Incarnation and her Ursuline companions came to Canada, accompanied by their benefactress, the generous Madame de la Peltrie.

Three hundred years have passed since the Ursulines and the Hospital Sisters of St. Augustine from Dieppe landed in the lower town of Quebec, kissing the soil of the country. For more than a century the Gospel of Christ had been preached in the vast Portuguese and Spanish territories in the Americas. But no one dreamed it would be possible for nuns from Europe to cross the Atlantic to labor in the mission fields. Strict enclosure for all nuns was rigorously enforced; even St. Angela Merici and Mary Ward were obliged to call a halt to their projected establishment of unenclosed teaching communities. The impossible was realized by the unbounded optimism of Father Paul LeJeune, S.J., superior of the Canadian missions, at Quebec. The arrival of the first teaching and hospital nuns in Canada gave an impetus to an entirely new movement within the

Church. These six nuns completely altered the tradition of religious life for women, showing the way to that larger sphere of teaching, hospital and social work in which so many communities of women on the foreign missions are engaged today.

During the days immediately following her arrival in Canada on Aug. 1, 1639, Mère Marie became acquainted with the main features of old Kebec, and recognized that it was certainly the country shown to her in a vision six years before. For two years the nuns lived in a temporary home by the river, which was nothing more than a rough wooden shack with daylight showing in through the roof and the walls. Remembering the splendors of Paris which they had seen en route, they called this hovel "the Louvre." Scarcely had they opened their school for Indian children, when a horrible epidemic of smallpox broke out. The nuns were crowded in upon by sick Indians in an indescribable state of misery and dirt. In a few months they had sacrificed linen, food, and all else they possessed.

When new recruits and supplies arrived from France in 1641, the Ursulines began to build a real monastery on the site in the upper town that hopeful Jesuits had bespoken for them as early as 1637 from the Company of New France. When a clearing had been made, the cornerstone of the new building was laid by Madame de la

Peltrie. The plans had been drawn by Mère Marie, who superintended the building herself, climbing up on the scaffolding to see how things were going. Meanwhile classes in catechism were held daily, and the new recruits were amazed to see how well the first missionaries had succeeded in learning the difficult Indian languages. Mère Marie had no rival in linguistic accomplishments. She was 40 years old when she began the study of the Algonquin language. Between that age and 60, without the aid of grammars or dictionaries, she mastered four Indian languages, Algonquin and Huron first, Montagnais and Iroquois later when need arose. In addition to writing catechisms and Bible histories in Huron and Algonquin, she composed no fewer than three dictionaries in Algonquin and Iroquois which were used by missionaries as late as the 19th century.

On the morning of Nov. 21, 1642, a small procession wended its way up the heights of Cape Diamond. The Ursulines were taking possession of their new monastery. It was the largest and finest building in New France. Fresh from the masons' hands, its white silhouette stood out in glorious relief against the dark evergreens of the virgin forest. The whole house, 92 x 25 ft., three stories high, was palatial when compared to "the Louvre." But to live within it required superhuman courage. So cold in winter that work could be done only near the fire-

places, unbearably hot in summer, it reeked at every season of the year with the smell of fish, smoke, and Indians. Over the fireplace there constantly simmered a huge pot of porridge and salt pork, flavored with tallow candles, which was served at every beck and call to satiate for a few hours the ravenous appetites of the savages. Yet within these very walls were notable contributions made to the building of our civilization. Here the Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Brébeuf, Jogues, and Bressani, offered Mass before returning to Huronia. Here the saintly Laval instructed and confirmed the Indian children. Here Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, reared in the tradition of the weavers of her family, taught Indian girls to sew and to embroider. M. Marius Barbeau in his delightful book, *Quebec Where Ancient France Lingers*, is the authority for the statement that the so-called Indian arts of beadwork and porcupine-quill decoration are not native arts at all, but were taught the savages by Mère Marie and her nuns.

Nowhere is the history of the pioneer days of New France better revealed than in the correspondence of Marie de l'Incarnation. Every year when the ships were in from France she wrote hundreds of letters. These were composed at the end of a busy day by the light of dying embers and the flickering flame of a candle. Dom Albert Jamet estimates that she must have written 12,000 letters during her

30 years in Quebec. Most of these are lost. But the few hundred that remain are a precious source of information. Here we follow the fate of the colony, and measure the stature of its builders. All is carefully recorded: the arrival of the governors and of new settlers, the destruction of Huronia, the massacre of the Jesuit martyrs, the Iroquois threat, the recurring earthquakes of 1663, and the burning of the monas-

tery. Here is the human interest story, the saga of the early Church in New France, written by a keen observer and a master of the art of letter-writing.

Worn out by labors and penance, Mère Marie l'Incarnation died April 30, 1672. Her death was that of the just. To this day the Ursulines of Quebec commemorate her passing by singing a special *Te Deum* on the last night of each recurring April.



Routine Work

A few years ago I was asked to see a sick person with whom I was acquainted and who had been suffering from heart trouble for many months and was given up by the doctors. Three different priests had been called to get him to go to confession, without results. His good wife was frantic and begged me, an old friend of his, to come and see him. I went immediately. It was a hot summer night. After being with him and his wife for 15 minutes, I asked her what was the big idea, not offering me something to drink. With apology and blushes, she asked what it should be. "A glass of cracked ice melted before the open kitchen window," I said. This took a little time and gave me the opportunity to chat a little with Jim, the sick husband. I asked him what priest brought him Holy Communion and how often? He sighed, "Father, don't you know I have not gone to Communion for 40 years?" "Jim! Well, you must have committed murder in your young days." He pleaded not guilty to murder but, picking the commandments at random in a light conversational way, I knew in ten minutes' time his whole story, without his realizing that he had made a confession. I asked him if he was sincerely sorry for the things he had done wrong. "Father, that I am from the bottom of my heart and soul!" he sighed. "But I can't make up my mind to go to confession." I explained to him that he had gone to confession already and all that was left to be done was for him to say a fervent act of contrition and I would give him absolution. And just as I was telling him that I would bring him Holy Communion at seven o'clock in the morning, his wife came back into the room and, on hearing the happy announcement, dropped the glass of ice water. But that was all right, seeing that I hadn't wanted it in the first place.

Peter M. H. Wynhoven in the *Ecclesiastical Review* (March '40).

Resolutions

By J. P. DE FONSEKA

Condensed from *Social Justice**

Careful, you'll break your arm

I resolve to remember that the ideal is for myself to demand of others. To avoid making any fuss about my own actions but to make it plain that the responsibility for the social order is wholly with my neighbor. For this reason to hitch my neighbor's wagon to a star, no matter where I hitch my own.

To note with great care, that it is the other fellow who must never break his resolutions. To observe how, if the social order is collapsing, it is because the other fellow is breaking his resolutions, and a whole lot of other fellows are not pulling their weight. For these reasons to poke my nose, wherever and whenever I can, into my neighbor's business to see whether he is doing his duty.

To love my neighbor. This in a really large and liberal manner, seeing that even things which are normally considered ill have a salutary effect upon a good man. Thus, to remember that, if I bully my neighbor or backbite or badger him, browbeat or cut or nag him, slander or malign or talk scandal about him, these things, if he be a virtuous man, really keep him in fine fettle and improve his character wonderfully. Therefore, to do these acts of kindness often to my neighbor.

To take a modest example, if I simply gave my neighbor his due, the result would be unproductive of moral effort on his part, because he would merely take his due and go his way. But if I refused to give the devil his due, then I would be drawing out of an otherwise drab character rich stores of moral and intellectual energy.

On the same excellent reasoning and precisely for the same worthy purposes, to do all the following meritorious and well-intentioned acts: to throw all the blame on the other fellow; to hold him responsible for every mistake or omission, even when he has nothing to do with the matter in hand.

To achieve all I can in my capacity of employer for the safety and welfare of my employees. Never to pay them a living wage because if I do, then I fear they will take to the bottle. Never to allow even the mention of a family wage, for with a family wage I have an apprehension that my honest labor force will be corrupted and take to gambling and cockfighting. And as for the cultural wage, to hold the very thought of such a retrograde proposal in holy abhorrence, seeing how luxury enfeebles the very foundations of labor.

To allow my employees a little rest, but not too much, seeing that excess

*St. Peter's College, Bambalapitiya, Colombo, Ceylon. January, 1940.

will encourage sloth. To practice teetotalism on public occasions lest my employees hearing of my drinking, emulate me and lose their habit of sobriety to the detriment of their labor's quality. To frown on my employees' large families because children have an illogical habit of eating, and wearing clothes, which I ultimately have to pay for.

To take all measures to rouse my employees to increase production, because more production means more capital and more capital to my credit means greater safety, security and stability for my workers. Not to scruple to sweat the workers to this most desirable end, because it has been truly said that a man must live by the sweat of his brow, and if a man will not work neither let him eat. To note, therefore, that all unemployment relief, old age pensions and other insurance of workless people are a subversal of right doctrine and achieve the ugly purpose of letting them eat who can not work.

In regard to property, which is a good thing, to favor the concentration of it in the hands of the few, because the many are incorrigibly incapable of keeping it. To discourage workers from possessing immovable property, because if they do, they convert it into drink or hand it over to bookmakers, that is, if they do not hypothecate it with moneylenders or make away with it altogether to undesirable buyers who will have it for a song.

To grab such property or land to save it from such an unhappy fate. To prefer to grab it oneself rather than allow others less desirable to do so. To strive to stretch the boundaries of my own lands and see these increase and multiply, realizing, not without some little modest pleasure, that it was all the result of my honest toil, and that honesty is still the best policy.

In business life and in our relations with commerce, industry and finance to enter the arena in a spirit of healthy rivalry with my comrades in the same field. In the ensuing competitive spirit which has been playfully described as cutthroat, to remember that the term is what grammarians call a figure of speech and indicates a keen sense of sportsmanship in the quest of promising markets. To put on record that cutting throats in the literal sense is an ugly and messy business, which no decent man could touch.

To use all the innocent tricks of the trade which all honest men admit to be all in the game. To profiteer, to buy at the lowest, to sell at the highest, to undercut, to make a turnover, to float a company the liability of whose members is limited, and so on and so forth. To refuse not the little tribute the world may wish to pay to my honesty, integrity and success. To thankfully drink my bit of champagne on it all. To eat my little dinner with grace before and after and with conscience clear. And so to bed.

Pipes

Ramblings with a briarist

By DAVE PRUDHOMME

Condensed from the *San Francisco Quarterly**

You dislike pipes? You abhor people who smoke them? Well, come into my den, you skeptic, and I shall either turn you into an implacable loather of all puffing instruments, or send you forth into the world convinced that pipe smoking is full of charm and romance, hallowed by a venerable history, and supported by mankind in every nook and corner of the world.

If you step over to the corner by the window, I will show you my collection, two years in the gathering. There they are, 40 pipes in all. Some rest in that oblong walnut rack you see there on the desk. Some hang in columns on the display board on the bookcase. Some are stuffed in the cigar box you are gaping at, which I have labeled *Pipes and Paraphernalia* so as to distinguish it from the abode of those odoriferous wads known as the cigar. Other pipes are scattered about the room in varied poses.

You ask me, "Why so many pipes, and what's the use in having them?"

The value of my own pipe collection is based chiefly on utility, beauty, and human interest. A pipe must smoke well, mind you, before it can sit in my collection. That is utility. A pipe must not be drab-looking or full of flaws, but handsomely grained and

dexterously made. That is beauty. A pipe must recall fond memories or remind me of quaint customs and interesting people the world over. That is human interest.

Of the three determinates, the last is the most important one. If a pipe is utterly lacking in human interest, to me it has but meager value despite the degree of its utility or beauty.

The little Falcon pipe on the end of the rack means much because it was my buddy on a hitchhiking jaunt through the Sierras last July. That red-veined Kaywoodie I prize for its comradeship on hikes through the Marin hills. Look at this long-stem Yellowbole—I was smoking it one day in a bull session at Santa Clara; when I left the room for a moment, the gang filled half of it with shredded rope, placing a surface of ash deftly on top; returning, I smoked the pipe, rope and all, down to the very last shred and never knew that I was smoking hemp and not tobacco. Take this Turkish tube pipe—the fact that it was a Christmas gift from a close friend places its value, not on its fine briar or its curious oriental tube, but on friendship. Those three tan pipes on the wall are favorites because they were a birthday gift from my Oregon home. The first

*University of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif. Spring-Summer, 1940.

pipe I ever smoked was a Frank Medico apple-bowl. I dragged that poor gadget everywhere I went, until soon it was the king of favorites, battered, battle-scarred, but glorious in its station. Last fall Old Ironsides vanished, and I never saw it again. To offset that calamity I scoured San Francisco for an exact duplicate of the vanished one, driving the pipe dealers to a frenzy. No such duplication could be made. Finally, one night a month ago, I spotted the pipe by accident in a small tobacco shop on Bush St. With wild gesticulations I rushed into the store, bought it on the spot, and rushed out again, leaving the storekeeper scratching his head in consternation. Once again my pipe den has a monarch. Old Ironsides II sits proudly on the throne, wise ruler of his sooty satellites.

On the pipe rack there you see a corncob. Observe the golden luster of its bowl and smooth ivory mouthpiece. Can't you picture old Mark Twain standing on the bow of a river boat scrutinizing the pipe with veteran judgment, sampling its mellow taste with long lazy puffs? Twain tested many a pipe's hardness in the blowing winds of the Mississippi. It is said that he thought so much of corncobs that he made a great collection of them, and paid boys 25c a head for breaking them in for him. Out of deference to the humorist, I call this corncob Mississippi.

Now look at that grotesque Indian pipe on the shelf. The bowl is shaped like a human face with an enormously long nose, carved from a single piece of Canadian cherry-wood. When I smoke that pipe I think of wigwams in the Athabaska moonlight, tribal dances in the pines of Jasper; I think of the trapper and the Hudson's Bay scout on the trail of the beaver and the caribou; I see the French *voyageurs*, the most romantic race of men in the history of Canada, paddling their long bateaus down the foaming rapids, their red scarfs flying in the wind, their lusty river chants echoing and re-echoing through the forests.

Need we stop here? This Scotch clay pipe fetches us to the heathered banks of Loch Lomond, to the land of the ox cart and the thatched roof. This old Churchwarden deposits us in an 18th-century London coffee house where, midst the smoke and the din, we exchange philosophies with poets, bankers, and political bigwigs. This shining Dutch porcelain pipe sets us down on a Holland dike, where rolling basin lands stretch out as far as we can see, interspersed with windmills, canals, and church steeples. But glance at this odd vessel: it is a Turkish water pipe; its moon-and-star decorations remind us of the pasha's palace, where turbaned potentates sit on divans, puffing stoically at their hookahs, while olive-skinned maidens weave their rhythmic dances of the night.

Sir, the pipe is like a faithful dog or a good book. All three are the sort of companions a man turns to when the world of reality grates on his nerves. They never complain; they never argue or offend. Mutely they respect their master and aid him to find surcease in the things closest to his heart.

The pipe is the great peacemaker. Its blue wisps and sweet aromas cast a charm over the smoker, quiet his nerves, put him in a restful, reflective mood. Loosed from worries and duties, his mind wanders contentedly over the hills and far away. Life is no longer drab. People are no longer dunces. The world is brighter than he thought. Somebody once said, "When a man takes up his pipe, he becomes a philosopher," and he was right.

Have you ever watched pipe smokers; how calmly they proceed with their business while smoking? They are at ease with themselves and with others, more deliberate and more thoughtful, for the pipe has the unfailing quality of controlling a man's impulses. The very acts that it requires in filling it, lighting it, and testing its smoke take up more time and attention than the mere flick of a match for a cigarette. And its smoke lasts longer, too. You will never find a man nervous when he is smoking his briar.

As a disciple in my course of elementary pipeology, you are entitled to

a few sundry dates on the history and various kinds of pipes.

The American Indian is recorded in history books as the father of the tobacco pipe, holding it in high esteem long before the white man touched his shores. Throughout the Mississippi Valley curious stone and copper pipes imitating birds and animals have been extracted from Indian burial mounds. In the Middle West most of the pipes were made of steatite, or red soapstone; and the most sacred of these was the tribal pipe of peace known as the calumet, a thing of marvelous beauty decorated with bright feathers and beads. Ancient clay pipes, delicately moulded and elaborately ornamented, have been found in Mexico and Central America. The cherry-wood pipes of Canada were a common brand.

Ralph Lane, the first governor of Virginia, was so impressed by these fuming instruments of the redskins, that he hustled one off to England in 1586 and showed it to Sir Walter Raleigh, teaching the courtier how to use it. One day a servant of Raleigh's encountered his master sitting in a chair placidly smoking his pipe; horrified, he thought he was on fire, and rushing for a bucket of water, thoroughly drenched him from head to foot.

From the English court the pipe idea spread over Europe and Asia Minor and grew into a universal custom, ardently supported.

In view of recent excavations in the Old World, it is my belief that the pipe was not "invented" by the American native, but that the use of pipes is a custom as old as man and observed the world over, the difference being that Old World peoples smoked herbs instead of tobacco. Minute Celtic clay pipes have been dug up in Great Britain and Ireland. Pipes of odd shapes wrought from iron, bronze, and clay have been spotted among Roman ruins. And pipes of curious types have been located in Persia, India, China, and in other Oriental climes.

Pipe manufacturing began as far back as 1619, when the pipe makers of London became an incorporated body. In America clay pipes were produced starting with 1820, and the sale of the more expensive pipes began in 1860, having been imported from Europe previous to that date.

It is a paradox that the newly-discovered tobacco pipe traveled from this country to England, and that later on the high-grade pipes were made in Europe and traveled back to America.

There are three principal categories into which most of the "bowls of Vulcan" can be classed: briar, meerschaum, and clay. Briar (Fr., *bruyère*) is a species of the family *Erica Arborea*, or tree heath, a stubby, scraggly, tough little plant growing, for the most part, in southern Europe near the Mediterranean Sea: Calabria, Corsica, Sicily, Greece, Albania. That portion of the

briar that is used for pipes is called the burl, which is the sinewy part of the root. The older the burl, the finer the pipe. Some burls are centuries old.

Meerschaum is a plastic magnesium stone of a soft greasy feel out of which are made some of the most beautiful pipes in the world. A good meerschaum pipe is the ultimate dream of the pipe collector; once he gets it, his life is one of excruciating torment for fear that some oaf may drop it and smash it into bits. This "sea foam" clay is found in Europe (in Moravia, Piedmont, and the Crimea) and in Asia Minor.

Ordinary pipe clay is found nearly everywhere. Pipes made of it are to be had for a pittance, but they are surprisingly popular the world over, especially among the Irish and the Scotch. The mellow taste of a clay pipe rivals, if it does not in some instances excel, the taste of the briar.

As far as national characteristics go, the Churchwarden, the long, slender clay pipe of the alehouses and the courtrooms, was common for centuries to the British; the duden is the short-stemmed clay pipe of the Irish; the meerschaum, originally common to Austria and Germany, is now also prevalent in the Isles and the U. S.; the hookah is the wobbly glass water pipe of the Turks, the one with the snakelike rubber tubing attached to its bowl; the chibouk is the delicate Arab pipe with the long stem and red clay

bowl fitted with gay tassels; the narghile is a complicated Persian burner, originally made from coconuts, with a hundred hopeless parts; the Chinese and Japanese creations are minute metal bowls with thin cane stems; a cow horn with a reed in its side is the pipe used by a South African tribe of natives; and, of course, we have in America the corncob, the calabash, the cherrywood, and the red soapstone pipes, all inherited from the Indians.

There are two unpardonable crimes against the pipe: knocking it on a hard surface and placing it in an ash tray. There is nothing in all the realm of pipeology quite so bad as either of these two. Bang your defenseless briar on a lamppost, and watch it crack! Shove it into a pile of hot coals and smudgy ashes, and behold the neat scar on the bowl! Sin if you must, you sinner, but not that way.

When you break in a pipe, you needn't bother about fancy fluids advertised by the pipe shops. Just take ordinary honey and cover the inner surface of your pipe with a thin coating of it; fill the bowl one-fourth full of tobacco, smoke it slowly and evenly down to the bottom. Let the pipe cool and fill it again, this time half way up; repeat the half portions about five or six times, then smoke it all the way.

The art of filling a pipe is a delicate affair. The tobacco should be dropped into the pipe layer on layer, each resting lightly on the other. If the tobacco

is springy when you press it, the texture is just right. The average man, always in a hurry, stuffs the tobacco into his pipe like sox into a drawer. And then he wonders why it won't burn! In a frenzy he strews matches about him, and finds to his vexation that he is smoking matches instead of tobacco! Well can he exclaim, "Out, out, brief pipe!" and resign himself to nibbling on an all-day sucker.

Lighting a pipe is of equal gravity. Don't light it in the middle or on the sides. Rotate the flame around the bowl till every particle is lit. Tamp it down once. Then light it again. Your pipe should stay burning.

The cake in your pipe should be about the thickness of a nickel, but not beyond that, else the pipe gets soggy. When cleaning out the refuse tobacco from the bowl, don't use a sharp knife. Use a dull-edged tool or a stick of wood. Beware of commercial pipe reamers! They have been guilty of cutting into the briar and ruining it. Employ the same as above.

If the tobacco is packed too close, loosen with a tamper, re-tamp, and re-light. Don't smoke too fast, and don't smoke in a high wind. Your bowl will burn out. Don't stuff your pipe into your pocket, unless you want it broken. Never push any thick object into the shank; the latter will split.

Polish your pipes with a piece of cloth frequently; a chamois cloth is ideal for this. Believe it or not, rub-

bing your pipe outside the nose just back of the nostrils, where the skin is especially oily, brings out the grain in the briar. Occasionally olive oil is good for it, too.

If you give all your pipes a milk bath once in a while, they will keep very sweet.

If you have a mania for watching houses burn down, flick your pipe ashes into the wastebasket.

But stop! I hear the bells of the Angelus. Go home and eat your supper, friend, sit down in your easy chair by the fireplace and light this old briar I am giving you.



Fragrances

There is also a low animal, about the size of a little dog or cat. It has black fur, very beautiful and shining, and upon its back are two white stripes which join at the neck and at the tail, making an oval. The tail is bushy and handsome, like that of a fox, and is curled proudly back. It is more white than black, and at the first glance you would say, especially when it walks, that it ought to be called Jupiter's little beast. But it is so stinking, and casts so vile an odor, that it is unworthy of being called the beast of Pluto. No sewer ever smelled so bad. I would not have believed it if I had not smelled it myself. Your heart fails you when you catch sight of the creature. Two have been killed in our court, and for several days afterwards there was such a dreadful stench throughout the hut that we could not endure it. I believe the sin smelled by St. Catherine of Siena must have been exactly like it.

Père Le Jeune in the *Jesuit Relations* quoted in *Père Marquette* by Agnes Repplier (Doubleday, Doran, 1929).



At house parties in Japan, the guests are often invited to join in the game of Naming the Incense. One is chosen as the master of ceremonies. Then each player in turn burns his or her favorite incense, which the master passes to the other players who try to guess its name from its fragrance. (Since there are a hundred different kinds, this is not easy.) The object of the game is not only to create fun, but also to develop a keen sense of smell and this in turn is supposed to make the mind calm and peaceful.

The Maryknoll Junior (Oct. '39).

The Cross at Herculaneum

Message from early Christians

By JOHN J. COLLINS, S.J.

Condensed from the *Ecclesiastical Review**

Last June the *Giornale d'Italia* carried the announcement that a true Christian cross had been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. That city like Pompeii had been buried by an eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A.D. The report attracted attention because, if verified, this would be the earliest indication of the cult of the cross and an indisputable proof of the presence of Christians in the city before the catastrophe. The news story bore the earmarks of a leak since strict secrecy had shrouded the excavations conducted for nearly two years by the Italian government in the buried city.

No cross was found, but the excavators discovered the imprint left by a cross which was sunk into the wall. The house where the find was made originally was a wealthy dwelling, but in later times part of it was turned into small rooms which were rented out to persons of modest means. One of these small rooms on the second floor contained the sign of the cross. The wall facing the door is roughly finished except for a square of fine plaster within which is the impress of a Latin cross almost filling the entire space. The vertical part of the cross measured 18 inches, the horizontal piece 14 inches. Clearly discernible are the holes left

by two nails driven into the upright bar. These fastenings would indicate that the material used was wood, although no fragments of the wooden cross remain. There are two nails, one on the right, the other on the left of the plaster square, and their purpose seems to have been to support some object connected with the cross.

Judging from the rough holes left by the nails which fastened it and from the uneven gaps in the plaster, the cross was violently torn from the wall. The removal must have preceded the destruction of the city, because, although the deposit which covers everything in Herculaneum has wonderfully preserved wood and, in fact, another wooden object was found in this room, no particle of the cross could be discovered.

The two nails, one on either side of the plaster square, receive different explanations. Signor Maiuri thinks they fastened to the wall hinges for two panels which could swing into place and conceal the symbol from unfriendly eyes, an arrangement which has its counterpart in the private chapels of the pagan household gods.

The reason the cross was taken down may have been merely that the Christian tenant moved away. Or, possibly,

*1722 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. April, 1940.

fleeing from the eruption of Vesuvius, the believer may have carried away with him the precious symbol of our faith. Signor Maiuri would assign the persecution of Nero as the occasion for the removal of the cross. Some enemy of the Church, perhaps the owner of the building, may have torn down the offending sign of Christianity. The pretext for Nero's attack upon the Christians came from the great fire lasting six days which left the larger part of Rome in ashes. This conflagration took place in July, 64 A.D. If Maiuri's hypothesis is correct, the cross would have existed about 15 years before the destruction of Herculaneum.

Not all Catholics, however, are ready to admit the cross of Herculaneum is a true Christian symbol. At the meeting of the Pontifical Academy during which Signor Maiuri read his paper, objection was made that this "cross" was an instance of *dedicatio sub ascia*, a pagan religious act. *Ascia* means an adze, a mason's hammer, a bricklayer's tool for mixing mortar, a hoe. "Upon monuments such a (mason's) trowel is found pictured, and in the inscription the expression: *sub* or *ad asciam dedicatum*, i.e. consecrated while yet under the trowel. Probably this was done in order to protect the empty sepulcher from injury.

To the interpretation of the figure as *dedicatio sub ascia* the reply is given that the *ascia* was not made in the shape of an exact Latin cross like that

of Herculaneum, that *dedicatio sub ascia* applies to tombs not dwelling houses, and the *ascia* is found sculptured only on stone monuments of southern Gaul.

A few scholars held that the cross might have belonged to some mystery religion not yet sufficiently known. Others thought it might be merely a support for a shield or some similar ornament. It is argued against this theory that too much care had been given to the cross. While the rest of the wall remains rough, the plaster square enclosing the symbol is fine and smooth; the cross design is very carefully made with the vertical piece slightly thinner at the top and the crosspiece slightly thicker at the extremities; and the cross was not sunk deeply enough in the wall to bear any considerable weight.

A further difficulty suggests itself from the common belief that Christians were slow in adopting the veneration of the cross. In this matter little positive evidence has been available. In this room of Herculaneum there would be question at most of a private cult of the symbol of salvation. Some early representations do not depict the figure of our Lord attached to the wooden cross, but only a cross adorned with gems or flowers. From the data found at Herculaneum one cannot determine whether the object was a simple cross or had a corpus.

Whether or not further investiga-

tions will strengthen or weaken the interpretation of the find at Herculaneum as that of a true Christian symbol remains a question.

When St. Paul landed as a prisoner in Italy in 61, he found Christians at Puteoli. It would not be surprising to learn that the faith had spread to neighboring Herculaneum and Pompeii within a few years, if it had not al-

ready been implanted there. Though the Christian symbolism of the cross discovered at Herculaneum remains only a probability, may we not hope that future work among the ruins will produce certain proof that buried beneath the ashes of that city lie bodies once signed with the sign of the cross and anointed with the chrism of salvation?

Historian's View

To let religion underlie foreign policy is a high piece of wisdom, for nations clash through differences of culture, and difference in culture arises from difference in religion.

From *Cromwell* by Hilaire Belloc.

Orator's View

Leaving religion out of our national life is not like leaving raisins out of a cake, but like leaving an eye out of the body. It is not a negation, but a privation.

From the pamphlet, *Civil Authority and Divine Law*, by Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen.

Dictator's View

A fight against religion is a fight against the impalpable, against the intangible; it is open warfare against the spirit in its most profound and most significant force, and it is by this time fully proved that the weapons at the disposal of the state, no matter how sharp they may be, are powerless to inflict any mortal blows on the Church—and by the Church I mean especially the Catholic Church—which emerges invariably triumphant after engaging in the most bitter conflicts. Passive resistance on the part of the priests and of the faithful is sufficient to frustrate the most violent attacks by a state.

Benito Mussolini quoted in *Religion in the Reich* by Michael Power (Longmans, 1939).

Poor God

By MSGR. WILLIAM C. McGRATH

Blame where it belongs.

Condensed from *China**

Let's talk about laying every human disaster at the feet of God and invoking His holy will. If a child is run over by a truck or the father of a family dies of pneumonia, many people will always tell you that it is unquestionably God's holy will. They are even scandalized if you suggest that the mother's carelessness or the father's neglected cold were really responsible for the tragedies in question. How does it happen that God gets the blame for all the disasters and so little of the credit for the pleasant things in life? Why do so many good people entertain a concept of God that would make a Chinese bandit or an Iroquois Indian merciful by comparison? What have they done to the gentle Babe of Bethlehem and the lonely Christ who died of a broken heart?

They had us convinced in our early days that God used to send sinners to hell. Exasperated almost to the point of human vindictiveness, the God of semi-Jansenist orthodoxy would hold the poor sinner aloft for a fleeting moment and then hurl him over a precipice into seething flames below. They did not tell us that it is really the sinner who walks out on God and sends himself to hell. The Church has never defined the nature of the fire of

hell, but some old-timers seemed to know. It was a fire reeking with the smell of brimstone. And there were other things. Not so long ago an anxious mother asked me what she should do about a high-strung, impressionable child of ten who was losing sleep at nights and becoming thin and nervous thinking about the fiery snakes that would one day crawl all over him if he were a bad boy and went to hell. The teacher had said so.

It isn't so surprising that the God of this desolate orthodoxy should exult in the sorrows and heartbreaks of pitiful sinners here below. All too easy is the transition from God, the grim avenger, to God who glories in every phase of human heartbreak and despair. And small wonder that scruples wreak such havoc in the lives of spiritual people; that fear has usurped the place of love in many a devoted heart and that of all sorts of mental illness, religious mania is the most hopeless and incurable.

What a ghastly concept of a God of love! And what an insult that the daily tragedies that make countless thousands mourn should be laid to His charge and labeled "God's holy will"! It isn't Christian resignation but spiritual sadism to feel that God wants all

*Scarboro Bluffs, Ont., Canada. April, 1940.

people to die before their time; that God is responsible for the death of the man who jumps from the 15th story or turns on the engine in a closed garage. To say in every case that such things occur because they are God's holy will is to say that God *wants* them to happen. It puts an end to human responsibility. It ignores the fact that many of these tragedies could and should have been averted by the use of the God-given instinct of self-preservation. It makes of God a Being who abhors fulfillment, glories only in frustration, revels in picking immature buds, but cannot abide the sight of a flower in full bloom. And yet, when He was with us here on earth, He gave nobody reason to regard Him like that. He gave back a son to a heartbroken mother and a daughter to her sorrowing father. Lazarus He raised from the dead and, with due regard for the exegetes, He *did* shed tears at his tomb.

There is a case in which God's holy will has been very much invoked, and it concerns me personally. It is the death in China of Father Jim McGillivray. I say he shouldn't be dead, and it doesn't help when people tell me that God took him away *just because we needed him so badly*, and "God's ways aren't ours." There it is again. Just because we needed him so badly! There you have the fire-and-brimstone-and-snakes-and-frustration mentality. Father Jim was one of the

most valuable and necessary men in our young society. He was necessary if our organization in its present state of existence is to function at its best.

So, I say Father Jim should not be dead. Father Jim was an inveterate worker. He had a touch of heart condition and was of that high-strung, brilliant-minded "thoroughbred" nervous temperament that needs periodic rest and relaxation as the very price of survival. His former pastor in Nova Scotia told me last summer that Jim had been perilously near a nervous breakdown on the eve of his ordination. Well, in due course he landed in China, a land that is hard enough on everybody for the first year or so, but especially hard on one of his temperament. For in China you must learn not to think too much, not to react too violently, not to expect that you are going to do much in one lifetime about the 475 million.

Now, Jim carried no excess baggage. He couldn't afford to lose weight during the hot summer. He needed rest more than any of us, but we couldn't convince him of the necessity of slowing down the *tempo*. He "hadn't a moment to spare." He bore down on the work with his usual relentless intensity. One day he contracted malaria and lasted just three days. His resistance was worn threadbare. He would hardly have been able to throw off an ordinary cold. So, he died.

You see what I mean. Don't you

think that Father Jim, had he taken things more easily and kept his resistance up to standard, might have had a fighting chance against illness? Mightn't he still be alive? Or is poor God to blame?

But you don't need to go to China, as a visit to many a little convent cemetery will convince you. Take a look at the little white crosses, row upon row, and note how many died young. You see, dear Sisters, some of you believe that bodily health doesn't really matter. You keep going till you are on the verge of collapse and heroically say nothing. But it is false heroism. God has given you a human constitution that, with reasonable care, will last through an average allotted span. And if that reasonable care is not forthcoming God will rarely intervene to supply for human imprudence in the matter of neglect of health. Do you expect Him to be forever working miracles? God sets secondary causes in motion and, ordinarily, allows them to take their course. Don't flatter yourself that you are another Little Flower, made perfect in a short time, if you get wet feet and pneumonia and your services are no longer available to the community. Don't blame God if the fault happens to be your own.

However, the fault is far from always being your own. Today you are caught up in the whirligig of a dog-chase-tail public educational system that is revolving round us with dizzy

speed but not really going anywhere. You are on the merry-go-round and you cannot get off, and as the pace gets madder and madder, more and more energy is required of teaching Sisters who are already dangerously near the limit of endurance. I quote the superiors of several communities whom I visited with a view to getting more Sisters for China. In effect, they all said the same thing:

1. Sisters are breaking down because of overwork. 2. Vocations are fewer, with the result that those who are already overworked have to work still harder. 3. Elderly Sisters are obliged to perform tasks that call for youth and energy no longer theirs.

And after a nerve-racking year, it's the same old grind, or worse, for the teaching members of the community. How they could use a few of those summer weeks for relaxation! But it's high pressure once more. On to Columbia or some place for that M.A. or Ph.D. which is essential if they are to stay in the educational race. What price our M.A.'s and this frenzied attempt to adjust ourselves to a bewildered and bewildering educational system! By the time our religious communities have been decimated, the system will have been tried and found wanting and it will be back once more to the old-time discipline.

I know one mental institution today where more than 100 Sisters are almost incurably insane. And others,

undoubtedly, are on the way to complete nervous collapse. They manage to struggle back, still coherent, to the convent gate, with a little diploma tucked under their arm, but all too many are immolating health and strength and nerves and sanity in one grand funereal holocaust on the altar of the academic.

The way Sisters have to work isn't human. And with the hospital Sisters it isn't much better. Were it a question of horses rather than humans the S.P.C.A. would step in, and more power to them. What we need is an S.P.C.S. Yet there are some good

souls who again see God's holy will here and think it's wonderful, these days, the way God is taking to Himself a golden harvest of young souls "right from the convent to heaven." Poor, dear God. What can even You do about such mentality! It is quite within the bounds of possibility that within 50 years some of our communities may be facing extinction. And doubtless there will be good souls then who will see God's holy will even in their passing and tell us, "Peace, it's wonderful." The sky will ever be the limit if you lay every conceivable human tragedy at the feet of poor God.



Deportment Department

Usually there is no excuse for stander-uppers at Mass. If circumstances force you to be one, kneel at the Consecration.

You go to confession to get rid of your sins. Why add another by stealing someone else's place in the line? The 7th Commandment hasn't been repealed.

St. Paul enjoined women to cover their heads in church. Maybe the girls wearing neckerchiefs to church in his day used them as many do in our own: to cover only the ends of their curls and not their heads.

When returning from the Communion railing, hold your folded hands in front of your breast. Swinging arms are in bad form. So is stomach claspings.

It's all right to begin the wedding fun by throwing rice. But wait until the bride and groom are outside the church. The sparrows will appreciate this, too.

Patting curls, arranging ribbons, pulling up stockings should have been done before Mass. In church, give the Lord a chance for the congregation's attention.

[Readers are invited to report instances of bad deportment.—Ed.]

Eyes for the Blind

By JOSEPH P. O'LEARY

Blind man's buffer

Condensed from the *St. Joseph Magazine**

As a boy, a young man, and one-time head of my own family, I had dogs, ranging in size and description from the English pug, Chesapeake, Doberman and Irish setter, to a great Dane, and I loved them all. However, my love did not become stark admiration until I had reason to investigate the "Seeing Eye" organization in Morristown, N. J., in the interests of a dear friend who had been incurably blinded as the result of a 4th of July accident. I called on the superintendent of the Seeing Eye with the following results:

"Where it is possible," he told me, "we like to have our patients come to us directly from the hospital, before they've learned any bad habits of blindness. This is possible, I understand, in this case."

"Yes, he won't leave the hospital until the end of next week," I replied.

"Our requirements are rigid for the reason that a dog so sensitively trained as our animals must be, could be used dangerously. Therefore we select our applicants with the greatest care, and I am asking you to give me the names of four persons, besides yourself, who know Mr. Overton well and can vouch for his integrity."

This was not difficult. Neal's char-

acter and reputation were of the best. However, the thoroughness and thoughtfulness of this organization impressed me.

He looked at the names I gave him. "These are all representative men, and I have no doubt that your friend will be accepted. In fact, I will send out telegrams immediately, to expedite matters, as I understand he could be here next week. Is that right?"

"Yes, I'm sure he could, by taking a plane," I told him.

"That would be fine. We have a class of eight forming then and there is one unexpected vacancy because of illness."

"But couldn't the dog be sent to them?" I asked.

"Hardly, Mr. O'Leary, it is not as easy as that. The dog is trained, but Mr. Overton isn't. He will need a full month of training with the dog, and that can be done only here."

"I will wire the family at once and arrange to meet Neal at the airport in Newark myself," I told him.

He smiled. "We would rather you did not meet him. That is part of his training too. Neither do we want any friend or relative to visit him while here. Their natural tendency is to help him at some task or another and the

**St. Benedict, Ore., April, 1940.*

best-intentioned friend or relative can tear down more in five minutes than we can build up in a month. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, but it would look odd, don't you think, for me, his friend, not to meet him?" I asked.

"The attendant meeting him will explain that. From the beginning he is taught to rely upon himself. He eats alone, though we give him a little help at the start." He took from his desk a clean dinner-service plate and placed it before me. "Now, just imagine that this plate is the face of a clock with the numbers from one to 12 in their usual order. We tell them, for example, 'Your meat is at one o'clock, your mashed potatoes are at five, and your peas at nine.' They can visualize their plates better. Rather simple, isn't it?"

The system they taught represented years of patient experiment and study and I was eager for Neal to take advantage of this opportunity. I wired him the details.

He arrived in Morristown the following week and I talked with him over the telephone. He was enthusiastic and optimistic about the whole setup.

It was his letters that later discouraged me. Not what they said, decidedly not, they were always full of new and exciting experiences with the dogs. But his struggle was evident from the way his words would wander away from the horizontal position where they had started.

Some weeks later, as I was busy with some dictation in my office, the telephone interrupted me. "You have a visitor, Mr. O'Leary; a man with a dog, says he knows you," the switchboard operator told me.

My heart fairly stopped. I rushed into the corridor, and there came Neal walking swiftly and surely, with head held high, confidently. So different from the stumbling, fear-ridden man I had expected to see. And, wonder of wonders, this extraordinary courage that was his came from a dog! He put his whole faith in this beautiful animal, confident she would never fail him. He entrusted his life, his physical safety, to a German shepherd.

"Neal!" I exclaimed, and rushed to meet him.

"Joe, old fellow, how are you?" he asked, flashing the same old smile I had known for years.

Just then the dog stepped in between us, not altogether approvingly. "Okay, Betsy," said Neal, and at once her disposition was that of friendliness.

I invited him into my office. "Here, let me help you, Neal," I offered.

"Not on your life, Joe; Betsy will take care of me. Come on, Betsy. Let's go." He held out his hand, and the dog, which had been standing quietly, eyes alert and watching Neal from the moment he had let go the harness to greet me, now moved close beside him.

"Good girl," Neal said approvingly.

Stooping, he caressed her noble head, and Betsy waved her tail back and forth with quiet satisfaction, thrusting her black muzzle into Neal's hand.

"She adores you, Neal. Her eyes never left you once," I said.

"She knows I'm blind," he answered quietly; "she knows it's her job to watch out for me. Don't you, Bets?"

Betsy cocked her head, ears pricked forward. Intelligence shone in her alert eyes as she waited for his command.

"Neal, you should see her! She's magnificent!" I exclaimed.

"You ought to see her work," he said proudly.

"I did, coming down the hall."

"That's nothing! Wait till you see her in traffic. Come along with me, Joe, I'm going to buy a few gifts in New York for the family; Betsy can't pick things out, yet, but you can. I'm catching the plane for home tonight."

Neal started off at a stiff pace and for the next 15 minutes, while we walked to Macy's, I watched breathlessly as Betsy guided him unerringly wherever he told her, responding instantly to the command of "Forward," or "Right" or "Left."

I saw her steer him around irregularities in the pavement and away from awnings low enough to brush his head, gauging perfectly those that he could pass under. I saw her stop at a patch of fresh cement in a sidewalk where workmen had erected a makeshift barricade of boxes and boards, and seem-

ingly deliberate as to the best way of getting around it. It was a choice between guiding Neal through a narrow strip of walk between the repair and the near-by building, or detouring him down the curb into the street and around up again. She chose the detour. And as I watched her, saying nothing because Neal had warned me not to, I marveled at her good judgment. More even than that, however, I marveled at Neal, asking myself what mental picture he must be getting of this detour. He had no way of knowing why Betsy was not going straight ahead. He simply had to trust her.

What courage that must take! What perfect confidence!

Presently I held my breath as I watched her guiding him across Times Square with its rushing pedestrians and honking, hurrying automobiles. It brought a chill of fear over me, and I had to jam my hands in my pockets to keep from grabbing him in protest. It fairly stopped my heart to see Neal so confident and unhesitating in the way he followed her. Traffic noises were all about them, but Betsy, never faltering, never taking a risk, moved only when it was safe, as calm and unflustered as if she were taking him across somebody's front yard.

"Neal! For heaven's sake!" I gasped when he was safely on the other side of the street.

"Scare you?" he laughed. "Gosh! I remember the first time they told me

to cross the street alone with Betsy in Morristown. It seemed to me every automobile in New Jersey was rushing at me, and the street a mile wide. I was wringing wet when I reached the other side."

"I'm all wet now, Neal; got the jitters," I told him, and again he laughed.

Arriving at the store we purchased the articles Neal thought proper to give to his family as presents.

People in the store seemed to understand that this was a Seeing Eye dog and watched her and her ward interestedly. Clerks stopped to pet her soft fur and she accepted these ministrations with a disposition of tolerant

indifference, keeping a constant watch on Neal. She followed every movement with her eyes.

"Tell me, Neal; you are absolutely dependent on Betsy. Is that right?" I asked.

"Almost, Joe," he answered thoughtfully. "But I start out in the morning with the ejaculation, 'Mother of Perpetual Help, watch over Betsy and me,' and somehow I know we'll make the grade."

I saw him off on the transcontinental plane to join his devoted family, and as the plane left the ground carrying my friend and Betsy I said, softly, "Mother of Perpetual Help, watch over Neal—and Betsy."



News Item

According to plans, the September number of your CATHOLIC DIGEST will be issued also in a braille edition for the blind, and thereafter month by month. This is a very expensive undertaking but we are confident that it will be supported by readers whom God has blessed with eyesight. We invite all such to become patrons at \$10 a year—the actual cost of a year's braille subscription. Copies will be sent to the blind in institutions and schools, thus reaching both Catholics and non-Catholics, many of whom may thus receive the inner light of faith in Christ.

The statistics on the number of blind which it will eventually be possible to reach are scanty; however, it is estimated that there are over 120,000 blind in the U. S. In one eastern diocese alone 1,300 Catholic blind were contacted by workers.

If readers support this venture adequately they will make available to the blind their first Catholic magazine.

Music Worthy of the Temple

By ANTHONY DUNN

Reason persists

Condensed from *America**

It is doubtful if anyone ever left the Church only because he was depressed by a pious choir director's choice of hymns. Only a few, perhaps, are openly aware of their irritation at pietism, but vast numbers of men and not a few women must, subconsciously at least, be repelled by the effeminate tone of many modern devotions. The adolescent boy whose admiration is for the rugged language of heroes quite possibly gets from the florid language of petition an uneasy suspicion, persistent through life, that religion is an occupation for women.

The Old Testament is passionate and even sensuous in expression, but never is it effeminate in style. The New Testament has a note of tenderness and of personal love, but the same tremendous virility sustains it, the same divine dignity elevates it. There is no sentimentality. In the Mass, in the Office of the day, in the prescribed form for the administration of the sacraments, almost always the liturgy soars into poetry; it is eloquent of the grandeur of God, yet at the end of that noble service, Benediction, we are lately bidden to sing a kind of pious song both the words and music of which suggest the composition of a kind of ecclesiastical Irving Berlin.

During the Mass itself the children in the choir loft are heard addressing the Lord God of heaven and earth as "My little White Guest."

Down below, the distracted worshiper meditates gloomily on the influence of pietism. Charity induces him to recall that the Church is for all, that indeed it must be "all things to all men," that many are attracted more by sugar-coated devotion than by the liturgy, but as Ghéon said in his description of the shrine of St. Theresa: "Reason persists. Why does God permit it to exist?"

Without doubt, God is too courteous to reject any praise. Perhaps, too, He allows the dainty little prayers and hymns to serve as one of the many modern equivalents of the hair shirt. But still, reason persists.

Many, perchance, are the works of gentle and retired ladies who confuse what is appropriate for their private devotions with what is suitable for public worship. They do not realize that a hymn sung gracefully by a small community of cloistered nuns comes but reluctantly from the throats of a thousand policemen at their annual Communion.

Other feeble little lyrics are the result of translation. The Church is indeed

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. April 6, 1940.

universal, but English-speaking persons are not Frenchmen, and many things which come naturally to the lips of a Frenchman are as alien to us as is the behavior of the Italian who leaps cheering to his feet in St. Peter's. The too-faithful translator into English has not only dragged in expressions the connotation of which is wholly foreign, but by his literal translation has produced expressions which might make even their original writers squirm.

Many pastors have with commendable zeal forbidden the playing of purely secular music at the nuptial Mass, but perhaps through a too indulgent kindness toward the liturgically unappreciative they still allow the singing of hymns of a kind which only the other day was characterized by the reverend director of the outstanding choir of the country as "the nearest thing to blasphemy that I have heard in a long time."

One need not fear the charge of snobbishness in deploring these florid offerings. There is excellent precedent. Pius X, in his encyclical, *Motu Proprio*, of Nov. 22, 1903, declared that sacred music should possess "sanctity

and goodness of form." In the same encyclical, he said: "The more closely a composition for the Church approaches in its movement, inspiration, and savor the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes; and the more out of harmony it is with that supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple."

Although His Holiness was evidently here concerned with the musical rather than the lyric form, it does not seem any distortion to apply his judgment to the words of popular hymns. Surely a saccharine lyric is far from being in harmony with the Gregorian form.

It is too much to demand that the choir of every small church provide the music which only the deeply gifted and rigidly trained voice can produce; but it is not too much to expect that even in the humblest of churches only those compositions which have the virility and dignity appropriate to public worship be attempted. Let the congregational hymns and prayers be modeled on the sublimity of the Missal rather than upon a maudlin emotionalism and we shall have a worship more worthy of the temple.

Beginnings . . . XII . . .

KANSAS

First priest: Fray Juan de Padilla, O.F.M., in 1542.

First Mass: Presumably by Fray de Padilla around 1542.

First Recorded Baptism: Henri Mongrain by Father F. Van Quickenborne, August 27, 1827.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Swan Song of a Hagiologist

By ALICE CURTAYNE

She fell 100 times

Condensed from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record**

I always sympathize with people who rush up to ask me in bewilderment, "I say, what is a hagiologist? And is that how you pronounce it?" I was myself a writer of saints' lives before I knew it. The first time I heard myself described as a hagiologist, I, too, had to seek out the meaning of the word which is not to be found in the conversational small coin of daily life.

I did not deliberately set out on a literary career. I was rummaging one day in an Italian library when I chanced upon a volume of the letters of St. Catherine of Siena and glanced through it in idle curiosity. I remembered that a friend had recommended this reading to me as being, to say the least, most unusual. The Dominican saint addressed the pope as Dear Little Babbo, and then told him to be a man! I became engrossed in the book. The forceful phrasing, the direct hitting, the genuineness of that devotion poured out over and over again in a torrent of colorful apostrophe. I read through the six volumes of her letters, twice. Then she entirely dominated my reading for a couple of years. I read all that had been written about her in English, French and Italian, and in other languages through the medium of translations. Not a scholar

myself, I chewed through the hard rind of scholarship to arrive at more exact knowledge of her. Reading seemed to make my curiosity more insatiable. Among that huge mass of books were great ones that praised her, others that by their insufficiency belittled her, others that unconsciously misrepresented her, and books that were deliberately calumnious. But all the reading left me with a sense of dissatisfaction. Nothing that I read corresponded with my own inner perception of her singularity: I did not find in the books the radiance of that unchanging gaiety expressed in her letters, nor the strong comfort of her unending endurance.

She is now the theme of an enormous literature, but her story will never be finally written. As with St. Francis, she needs a new interpretation for every age. I was not devout; I had no scholarly attainments; I had never written a book: these are but indications of the many hurdles that had to be crossed at her compulsion. I wrote her life, and the sequel to my own book's appearance was so curious and unforeseen that I have long wanted to tell its story. Readers will not think me unbearably egotistic if I say that the *Life* was acclaimed a success. I

*41-42 Nassau St., Dublin, Ireland. March, 1940.

was told many times and with great emphasis that I had become "famous overnight," and if the rapidity of that process was perhaps exaggerated for the sake of journalistic effect, it certainly became obvious that the door, let us say, into the vestibule of the hall of literature was being cautiously opened to my hesitant steps.

Publicity came to me in a most uncomfortable guise, loosing upon me an avalanche of admirable people, who were reprehensible in nothing except in their approach to me. They consisted chiefly of nuns and priests, or good-natured members of the laity acting on behalf of religious, who wrote to me, telephoned, telegraphed, called, enticed me to visit them under false pretenses, or unfairly seized me in the street or at functions, in order to persuade me against my better judgment to write the life of Such-and-Such, or So-and-So, of whom, they would add, no adequate life had ever been written.

This unvarying (and to me, unfortunate) effect of my book was positively distressing. Always it pointed the way to another book that should most certainly be written without delay. This opinion was nearly always backed by the very highest religious authority. It was in vain I pleaded the cause of literary integrity. "Your true writer," I would say, "is not set his task like a schoolboy. He finds his themes out of a native impulse. That is the only way to write; and other results in

sterility." The usual retort to this was, "When you really *know* St. So-and-So (whose life they wanted written), you will wish to do for him what you did for St. Catherine." This never proved true. I knew that my experience of St. Catherine was life-swerving, unique, and not to be twice repeated, but I could never explain this to my mentors.

I was not only exhorted, cajoled, and coerced to write the lives of saints of all races, and of every historical period, but the lives of religious founders, some of whom perhaps had had their causes for beatification introduced, and others who were admittedly only "small fry" in the world of sanctity. When the plea for literary integrity fell on deaf ears, I would try the plea of ignorance. "We'll help you," would be the fervent answer. These earnest people would then set out to compile for me the bibliography of the projected new work, and parcels and parcels of books would descend on me.

When editors joined forces with my well-meaning persecutors, matters took a serious turn for me. It became necessary for me during a period to live by my writing. The Catholic press of English-speaking countries seemed to be open to me, but invariably with the stipulation, "Something on the saints." I mean no impiety when I say the saints were round my neck like a millstone. I could not escape them. How often I have seen a pitying smile of disbelief spread over the

editorial visage when I suggested myself for some other theme, and I would hear the murmur, "Saints are your line, you know, better stick to one's genre." In my own despite I was thus constituted a kind of despoiler in chief of the great world, the sublime world, of sanctity.

It was the motive of patriotism, nationalism, or race, which caused one of my first falls from grace. Reviewers in Ireland practically challenged me to write something about my own saints. There was I, an Irishwoman, getting a name through writing about an Italian saint! They implied that the situation held some elements of derision. The right answer, had I known it then, is that the communion of saints knows no barriers of race, but instead of adhering to that truth, I took up the foolish challenge and for a time wore myself out in a sphere for which I had little competence.

This leads me to the major part of my confession, which is that I have fallen from grace (as a result of this combined pressure) at least 100 times. As a successor to my first book, I have written of at least 100 saints, in whom I tried to stimulate the same interest as in St. Catherine of Siena, and I do not hesitate to say that the result has

always been failure, whether damningly complete, or partial.

There is a sort of holy rivalry among religious orders into which, as in a maelstrom, I sank. If, for example, I wrote of a saint in a given religious order, the rival order promptly got on my track for a like service; such a position would be complicated for me by the fact that I had friends in both orders. Centenaries are frequent among Catholic congregations; such occasions may be enhanced by the services of a professional hagiologist. I discovered with surprise the mobility of mother generals in demanding, or even exacting, such services.

This obsession on the part of appreciative readers that the writer can succeed only by the most rigid kind of specialization is evidence of the artistic poverty of our time. The rigid separation of the arts is but a symbol of weakness and decay, alarmingly progressive when even each art is subdivided; surprise is now expressed when the poet is discovered writing good prose, or even when the prose writer attempts more than one theme. That a writer should be labeled with a theme and expected never to deviate from it is surely the last stage of artistic poverty before stark bankruptcy.



Hail daughter of God the Father, hail mother of God the Son, hail spouse of the Holy Ghost, hail temple of all the Persons of the Trinity, by your holy virginity and your Immaculate Conception, make clean my heart and my song.

Prayer of Father Marquette quoted by Daniel Sargent in *Our Land and Our Lady*.

Life's Bear Trap

By ELSIE ROBINSON

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

It's my personal opinion that soft and pretty talk is what really fills the divorce courts. Little boys and girls read it and think they're going to make a go of marriage with candy hearts.

Don't kid yourself! Or let yourself be kidded! Marriage is a dangerous adventure, a stupendous sacrifice, a thundering challenge and a noble gesture. But you've got to be five soldiers and six stevedores to stick at it and take the beating—to make a success of the job.

There is probably no institution on earth about which more sacrilegious tripe is written. This notion that matrimony consists of legalized romance is the silliest and most dangerous fallacy ever foisted on the human race. If marriage is romance, then the electric chair is a hot water bottle.

Now get me straight. I'm not talking about these convenient little affairs where a couple chatter a few words before the justice of the peace and set up together in a light-housekeeping apartment: then spend their lives running around to night spots, and dive for a divorce if the going gets tough.

I'm talking about the real human beings who have the courage and audacity to live marriage as it is and was

meant to be. The people who dare to be partners with life. Who dare to put aside their petty personal pattern, their pouts and peeves and quaking fears, and, kneeling, take the greatest communion that God ever offered His children.

What are your chances of a happy marriage? Practically nil. Unless you're willing to work at it as the greatest job of your life.

The Creator, as far as I've been able to dope out His purposes, cares very little about human glee. He wants growth. He has an earth to people and a plan to perfect. You don't buy happiness for yourself while you're working toward ends like that. You buy trouble and rebellion, growing pains and a whale of a beating. We think it's frightfully important that we should feel safe and happy in our unions, and never be frightened or troubled or bored to tears. But why should the Creator care about our comforts as long as He gets results? The answer is, He doesn't. And shouldn't.

We humans flounce in and out of our jobs, especially that one of being married, whenever we get our hair rumpled.

Yes, I have seen what are called happy marriages. But, I never saw one

*959 8th Ave., New York City. March 31, 1940.

that amounted to much. Safety and pleasure are pretty words. But they are the most poisonous things any human being can experience as a steady diet. They'll make bums out of the bravest and finest people, either in or out of marriage. Permanently happy people do not grow. They just sit still and enjoy themselves, and stagnate. The Creator never meant that to happen to people. People were invented for action and for service. And action and service always mean trouble.

Am I belittling marriage? I am not. I am reverencing it. But I am trying to lift it out of the valentine muck into which it has fallen and show it for what it is.

Do I advise you to marry? I do, provided you're ready to face the works. If you want a kiddie game, buy yourself a flock of toy blocks. But if you can face marriage as men and women once faced the tests and challenge of the covered wagon trail; if you can contemplate its risks as they contemplated the trackless wilderness; if you can concentrate all you have of vision and courage, tenderness and loyalty and burning faith, then and only then have you the right to put your hand in God's and say, "I, too, will work with You."

If you can't do that, you'd better not start monkeying around, or you'll be sorry.

Yes, I know. You won't believe me.

Oh, those kisses! Oh, that moonlight! Oh, those soft, white arms and husky brown necks! It's all just scenery. Scenery that hides a bear trap.

Why am I telling you these things so straight and hard? Here's why. Because, though I don't care a hoot whether you have a happy life, I want you to have a proud and abundant one. And I'm remembering a girl who didn't. She was young and foolish and thought she knew it all. Although divorce was rare in her day it was permissible by her creed. So when she began to get bored and mad she flounced out on the show, as you'd walk out on a tiresome movie. She flounced out not once, but twice. But the second time she went limping. For she had made a terrible discovery. She had discovered that although you may toy with men and women, you can't toy with the purposes of God.

I was that girl. And if I could I would spare you the lesson she learned and the beating she took.

So think long, think hard, little Juliet and ardent Romeo, before you tackle something that was designed exclusively for battlers who can and will hold the Mannerheim line of marriage until the General says, "Rest now, thou good and faithful servant. Thou hast fought a good fight . . . thou hast finished the course . . . thou hast kept the faith . . . enter into the peace of thy God everlasting."

Priests and Tramps

Song and dance

By E. F. MILLER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

There is a close affinity between priests and tramps. The word tramps is used in the wide sense, meaning all those who live by the nimbleness of their wits and the ability they possess to tell a story and act a scene. Between such and priests a bond has been struck the like of which cannot be found in any other profession. The bond, it is true, is mostly one-sided, favoring the tramp more than it does the priest. But that makes no difference. The bond exists.

Tramps generally divide themselves into three groups. There is first of all the street tramp, the one whose point of call is in the neighborhood of railroad depots, post offices, and the cheaper sections of large cities. He can be distinguished by a potted nose, a vein-streaked, scraggy face, and clothes approaching the color of street dust. It is even possible that the shoes on his feet are both for the right foot. He lurks in the shadows till the victim appears, then he sidles out with a shuffling gait, and remaining about a half foot to the rear, begins his routine. "Father," he says reverently, "could you help a poor fellow with a dime to get a bed against the night. I'm a stranger in town, can't find work, and I'm just up against it. I knew Father

Scallon years ago down at old St. John's. In fact, made my first Communion there."

When the pocket is dug into and the dime uncovered, the tramp will wait (we believe this is an accepted practice) until the cloth has removed itself from sight; then as the crow flies, he will, often as not, make for the nearest hole in the wall and sink his dime into a jigger of rat poison calculated to iron the wrinkles out of a torpedoed battleship.

The second group comprises those who might be called back-door tramps. In appearance they are not an improvement on their brothers of the street. Sometimes they come right out and ask for a meal, because they know that a meal is the easiest thing to obtain at most any rectory. The inconvenience of eating it under a tree is discounted under the heading of the old proverb that beggars can't be choosers. Or they may ask in humble tones for carfare to the relief agency downtown. Or they may even go to the extent of offering their services to tidy up around the yard for a little higher consideration. If the consideration is given ahead of time, and a lawnmower put in the man's hands for the trimming of the grass, possibly two or three

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. April, 1940.

streaks may be made, then quietly the laborer disappears. He has his penny and he is out to receive his reward. Very seldom will such a one carry off the lawnmower with him. Tramps are honest that way.

The third group, consisting of the front-door tramp, or better known as the gentleman tramp, is the glory of the trade. Dressed in impeccable clothes, with shoes shined and face shaved, he will ring the front doorbell, and ask for the Reverend Pastor, generally by name. When the pastor appears and leads him into the parlor, the play opens.

We remember one such master of his art who appeared on the scene one Friday afternoon. After discussing innocent subjects for a space of ten minutes, he came to the point. He said that he was a man of property down South, but since he had never married, and had no reason for clinging to his wealth, he had decided to give it over to the Church. All he asked in return was that Father should find for him a room in some humble home where he could spend his declining years in prayer and peace, untroubled by the rushing footfalls of a materialistic-minded humanity and the poisoned breath of an abandoned world. He had documents to prove that he was actually a man of wealth. At the moment, unfortunately, he had not succeeded in turning his possessions into liquid assets, but in a few days he

expected a happy consummation of the affair. A room was found for him and Father had rosy visions of a refrescoed church and a new wing on the school.

Came Sunday morning. Just before dinner the visitor called at the rectory and said that he was most embarrassed, that he had a few matters to settle, urgent matters they were, but that he had forgotten to cash a check the day before at the bank. On Sundays, of course, the banks were closed. It was only the trifling sum of \$50 that he needed. Would Father be so kind as to oblige him? He would give his check as security. Father obliged him. That was the last he saw of his generous-hearted friend. The check bounced like a rubber ball.

This is but one sample of the front-door tramp. There are countless others: the man who tells the story of the murder he committed back home, defending his old mother against an armed robbery. It really was not murder, but only self-defense. But his enemies had made murder out of it, and he had to flee the city or go to the electric chair. Now, after a year's exile, he has worked out his case so that it is solid, and he can prove his innocence and come back to the position where he can look every man straight in the eye once more. All he needs is the money necessary to carry him home. Usually it amounts to \$25 or \$30. When he begins talking about his old mother,

he breaks down and sheds real tears. The tears are the arguments that make his story sound true. And few are the priests who can resist. Then there is the man who has suffered reverses, who was once a respectable business man with a home of his own and a family to be proud of. But the depression took all the buoyancy out of his balloon. In the priest's parlor he carries out an act that would do credit to any of the great tragedians. He

jumps to his feet and threatens to commit suicide. His despair is truly terrible to see. But it is quickly dissipated and so is he when he receives a sum with which to make a new start. His new start is to visit another priest, perhaps, and go through the same song and dance.

But then, St. Philip Neri once said, "When I give a ducat away, I am not giving it to someone who does not need it, but I am giving it away to Christ."



The Witch of Lompoc Valley

How does your garden grow?

By LOUISE WILSON

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World**

Rosie Milani, 25, slim and tanned and lovely, with white teeth that flash and a low, husky voice that is half music, reigns as the queen in the flower world. "Rosie, the flower girl," the hybridists of Lompoc Valley, America's garden spot, call her.

For Rosie's childhood dream of sometime raising millions of flower seeds, so that all the gardens of the world might bloom riotously, has come true.

"When I was a little girl," she will tell you, "I never wanted dolls for Christmas, just packages of seeds. And I didn't need a playground as long as I had a patch of land where the seeds would grow.

"But I never knew that the great seed companies used girls on their ranches here in the valley until one day I saw the petunia workers in the fields. So I jumped out of the car and asked for a job."

Everywhere you look in Lompoc Valley the flowers lay bright rugs across the lowlands, scarlet, orange and yellow, pink and rust and lavender. Each afternoon white wisps of fog come drifting across the hills from the sea beyond, and each morning they lift to show a well-scrubbed floor of color.

And Rosie Milani works with them. Very proudly she relates the story of the way the marigold lost its odor

*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. March, 1940.

at the Burpee ranches, and how she, with dozens of men, smelled the tens of thousands of marigold stocks looking for an odorless one on which to go to work. With equal fervor she describes the miracle in marigolds which took place when David Burpee, president of the famous company, succeeded in producing the red marigold.

But before we go on, let's look at the flower background. There was a time when the long roads did not pass through flower lands. In the days of the early West, when California was a strange name to the Eastern seaboard, a few people had a vision of its future radiance. Mostly Franciscan padres they were. The missions they built served as inns. There were 20 of them in California, each separated from the next by a day's horseback ride. From sunrise to sunset was considered a good day's ride. An average driver made 30 miles in that time.

The good padres, chief of the travelers, went up and down the land in those days. Mission bells rang, and regularly the people came to worship in the long, low buildings.

La Purisima Mission was a favorite. It stood at the edge of the village of Lompoc, in the valley. A cross on a hill directed the padres to it. The cross, replaced by a great, lighted symbol today, still protects the valley. For Lompoc, the flower land, is a place of worship. In the far days the people gathered to give thanks for seed time

and the harvest, day and night, safety and shelter. Now their prayers are much the same. They ask for sun, rich soil, cool fogs, rains now and then, that the seeds may ripen and bear blossoms so that there will be beauty in the valley, and money for bread and music and for the needy.

Always, as a little girl, Rosie prayed with the others, but she knew that faith must go hand in hand with works, so she tried to help. She joined half a sweet-pea seed to half of a seed of a yellow flower, and planted the combination, hoping to make a yellow sweet pea. Rosie's plan did not work. This flower is as yet unproduced. Now older and wiser, she hunts a scientific formula for the flower but asks, as always, for the guidance and assistance of Him who made the flowers.

To us who buy a handful of seeds and wait for their blooming, the whole science of the mammoth seed lands is fascinating. Let's drop down on Lompoc for a moment.

In the spring every ranch prepares a list of the seeds or bulbs that will be needed to supply its markets. Maybe a ranch will need 500 pounds of one marigold seed, and 30 pounds of another petunia seed. When you consider that there are some 60 varieties of snapdragons alone, you realize how detailed the seed listing is. Some of the varieties are so popular that 50 pounds of seed are needed. Of others,

only two pounds need be saved to supply the demand.

When the list is ready, mapping begins. Scale maps are made of the fields.

"Each field must produce enough of its variety to satisfy the demand," Rosie explains. "Sometimes many fields, though, are given to one variety. It cannot be just a field picked at random either. We think first of the soil. We must know the soil's yield of flowers per acre. We must make sure that the same flower is not planted in a field two successive years, for flowers take away different elements from the soil, and so the same spot, used two years, becomes thin. A change helps both flower and soil. Then, too, each variety must be sufficiently isolated from like varieties that the danger of the wind and bees bringing pollen and crossing two or more kinds will be eliminated."

Some plants are started in the long greenhouses and transplanted. In the grounds where plants are being crossed, or where a new line is being started, the real excitement comes.

Let's take the red-and-gold hybrid marigold, which Rosie watched with such care, when David Burpee and his scientists were breeding it. Rosie decided then that some day she, too, would present some valuable knowledge to the flower world. This marigold is the most amazing flower discovery of 100 years. By crossing the

French marigold with the African variety, Burpee obtained the red-and-gold hybrid. Thousands of bees did the work, lighting on the alternating rows of the two types. When the ideal plant was obtained, it was selfed; that is, placed in a muslin cage so that no stray pollen could be brought to it. Thus, secure from the world, it became strong and established its line.

"Watching that," Rosie says, "I decided to work harder to find the yellow sweet pea. Maybe I never shall. The yellow pigment is caused by plastics, solid particles that float in the sap. The red and blue are dissolved. It may be, therefore, that the two never will mix. I don't know."

But Rosie's real work comes when the seeds are gathered. Some seeds are cleaned in machines. But even these leave a residue for further work. All of these, as well as the special ones cleaned only by skillful hands, come to Rosie.

With a certain twist of the wrist, she puts seed through a screen. But anyone could do that, you say! Which shows how wrong you are. Only a trained worker can use the right motion and judge the results. It may sound like manual work, but it's intricate brain exercise, too.

Rosie says, "I'd like to tell people not to pamper seeds. Sweet peas should be watered once every two or three weeks, not daily. That's a mistake many women make.

"Cut flowers often. Fill bowls and vases. The more you cut, the better the flowers will bloom. God gives lavishly. This is especially true of zinnias, marigolds, and sweet peas.

"Study your flower catalogs. Don't be afraid to try new things. Read the advice that is written by experts for the home gardener.

"Don't crowd seeds. So often we who have home gardens fail to visualize the garden in bloom. We forget that seeds need space, and crowd them together. Then we have to pull out plants later. Take petunia seeds. They are small, but they grow out for four or five feet. Remember always that a plant needs ground for its food or it will be stunted.

"Your garden will be barren when it first begins to grow, but it will develop as it should and be beautiful later.

"Don't grow the same flower in a chosen spot year after year. Maybe the flower looks nice against a white fence but it will suffer if not changed. The seed may be fine, but the soil retains any diseases that affect the flower planted in it and will transmit them to the new crop. This is true especially of asters. Plant a different flower, for it will not be heir to the lurking disease germs that belonged to the former resident of that patch."

Rosie suggests that women make excellent landscape architects and wonders why more of them do not enter

this profession, monopolized by men.

"Gardens are designed for women, so why shouldn't women assist in planning them?" she asks. "Besides, there are many positions in horticulture where women can answer questions, for they are good at detail. After all, what is lovelier than working with flowers, watching them live, grow, bloom, and die to bloom again?"

The girl who has made her word count among flower people gets up at four o'clock every morning, for her home is a few miles away from the seed ranch. Her father is a dairy owner and long ago, as a little girl, Rosie learned to milk cows. She still does, milking eight in the summer, a dozen or more in the winter. She helps prepare breakfast, sweeps the kitchen floor, dusts the chairs, and then rides away for her real career. But at dusk she comes to the barn again to milk the cows.

She likes homemaking. She likes home gardens. But she has a vision of loveliness for a thousand gardens, and she wants the flower carpet of Lompoc Valley to spread across the land as she believes God meant it to. "Consider the lilies of the field. . . ."

God loved beauty or He would not have made the roses pink and white and yellow, the grass a gentle green, and the sea a mirror to reflect the blue of the sky. This is the belief they hold in Lompoc Valley, and Rosie follows it serenely, joyfully.

Historian of England

Unheard voice

By ELIZABETH SHARP

Condensed from *America**

At times, God is pleased to bestow a distinctive gift, a great mind, upon a lowly man. Thus it was with Lingard. Although of melancholy temperament, he was unlike the average type in his absolute fearlessness of criticism. His self-knowledge lent him modesty, the keynote of his life and work. He was so acquainted with man's imperfections that his humor, though realistic, was satirical up to a point. He trained his dog to sit in cap and gown with spectacles on nose at the front window, to be stared at by eager passersby, who believed they were seeing the historian.

To his *History of England*, his aloofness proved invaluable, since it assisted him to be an impartial judge. He viewed life's panorama from the pinnacle of truth; now it was his mission to impart that truth to the world. It was precarious, in an England where Catholicism had been practically exterminated. Lingard employed fascinating tactics. He knew that mere refutation would not only be inefficient, but fatal; it would make him unpopular before he was even known. To strike the blow effectively, he must strike it home. However, he recognized the limit of emphasis on truth the English public of the 18th century would ac-

cept from a Catholic priest. Therefore, in quiet narrative form he stated grim facts, without accentuating the evils, for they were sufficiently bad.

He likewise scorned superfluous laudations of particular heroes. Alfred the Great was an admirable Catholic king, exceedingly praised by his biographers. But Lingard reveals no ecstatic joy over this noble monarch, under whose rule England enjoyed Catholicism, culture and freedom. He was satisfied to state the occurrences and to analyze justly the king's character.

It is of interest to note that when Lingard's opponents attacked him, as was to be expected, no one could defame his accuracy. In vital matters he has been found irrevocably correct to this day, despite the general inaccuracy in historians of his time. It has been proved that some of his contemporary historians erred monstrously. Lingard owes his accurate history to his practice of referring to original documents, a practice he initiated.

In the *Preliminary Notice to the History*, Lingard discloses his attitude toward history and historians. He condemns inaccuracy; ironically comments on historians who pretend to know the secret motives of historical characters, and on "the 'philosophy of history'

*329 W. 108th St., New York City. March 16, 1940.

which might with more propriety be termed the philosophy of romance." Unnecessary details in history writing aroused his utter disgust.

Lingard considered it his prime task to expose the Reformation. It required the collaboration of all his talents to achieve this task satisfactorily. Justice prevailed over all his other motives. In a letter he wrote: "In my account of the Reformation I must say much to shock Protestant prejudices . . . I made it a rule to tell the truth whether it made for us or against us." He greatly desired to write an exposure of the so-called Glorious Revolution of 1688, but refrained, believing that it would exceed the limit of exposure his public would tolerate. He therefore concluded the *History* with the advent of that date.

No efforts were spared in the achievement of his life's work. Two full years he spent in tracing every statement back to original authorities. He completed and revised the vast span of history, from the first invasion of the Romans to the usurpation of Dutch William, under severe difficulties caused by a complication of maladies; not to mention those of the execution of his priestly duties in the large country parish of Hornby where he lived many years, and the part he played in making English Catholic history. However, fortitude overcame all obstacles. His one consuming ambition had always been the conversion of Prot-

estant England; and to the realization of this ambition he dedicated his *History*, the effect of which in converting was as influential as Newman's.

Reward awaited him in this life. The *History* was received with approbation by scholars of every nationality and faith, and with enthusiasm by the English Catholics. It was translated into French, German and Italian. Two popes honored him highly, Leo XII, with the cardinalate *in petto*. The inevitable attacks were few. Lingard himself took no formal notice of them, save one, ludicrously directed against his account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, as a "prejudiced distortion and suppression of facts." He was adequately able to justify himself. At last he was *arrivé* and accepted by contemporary England as a historian.

But who knows about John Lingard today? Who reads his *History*? Who cares for his achievement? Belloc and Hollis both deplore his effacement. Belloc himself is incensed that so many historians cite Lingard without acknowledgment. Hollis remarks what a happy accident it is that a Catholic priest was the first scientific English historian, and simultaneously bemoans the obscurity of this fact. Lingard's worth—but worse still, his truth—has successfully been obliterated by a subtle force—Whiggery. (Let him, whom the explanation of this fact may concern, refer to the 11th chapter of Hilaire Belloc's latest biography,

Charles II; there it stands in large, clear type.)

Has, then Lingard's momentous work been frustrated? We hope not. But we are obliged to check complete frustration by unveiling the nebulous memory of Lingard. For the sake of truth we must restore his fame. His work will have attained its partial effect when his *History* comes to be

sedulously studied throughout the world. Its full effect will be attained when it inspires Catholic historians to record world history from the Catholic viewpoint. Truthful history is an indispensable weapon against the augmented hosts of anti-Christ, for without knowing the truth of the past we cannot comprehend or cope with the evils of the present.



Words with New Meanings

Home-made: usually applied to an edible commodity like pie or cake or bread, which is made in a four-story factory where thousands of the item so desired are turned out daily, and called *home-made* to deceive people into thinking that they were made by a mother standing over a hot stove watching each loaf, etc., burgeon into brown loveliness.

Absolutely free: used in connection with sucker lists, to play upon the weakness of most people for trying to get things for nothing, so that they can be made to pay double the value for something attached to the free article. The article to be given away is seldom just *free*, it is *absolutely free*, which marks a further corruption of the word *absolutely*.

Personal: a word frequently written on envelopes addressed to 100,000 individuals to make each one think that the skin game outlined in the letter enclosed is a confidential matter between himself and the corporation looking for his money.

Sacrifice: a word used to describe the poignant feelings of merchants when they have to part with articles that have been on their shelves for from one to five years, making the buyer believe that despite a breaking heart the merchant will part with them at a loss. It is never mentioned that if the merchant cannot get someone to buy the articles at any price he will have to sacrifice his business.

Love: something that a young woman can win for herself by getting rid of a muddy complexion, by using a certain soap to make her hands smooth, by washing her stockings in such a way that they don't get "runs," by eating an unlimited amount of a certain kind of breakfast food, or by the painful method of having a friend tell her she has halitosis. Love is also produced by white teeth, especially if made such by the use of a magic dentifrice.

L. Merrill in the *Liguorian* (March '40).

No-Man in Yes-Land

By TIMOTHY HIGGINS

They asked for it

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

It was a chastened group of Hollywood producers who came together some six years ago. The meeting was in the New York office of Will Hays, and the burden of their penitent petition was, "We're licked; we admit it. Can't you give us somebody to make us behave?"

Hays buzzed for his first assistant. "Joe," he said, "these gentlemen want a decency dictator. I think you're it!"

Joe Breen, a towering, two-fisted Irishman, who since 1931 had been helping Hays in the losing battle to keep movies clean, looked over the group. "No, thanks," he said laconically.

"Why not?" the hard-pressed producers wanted to know. The pay, the hours, and the studios would all be good, they said. What was the matter with being Lord High Purifier of the films?

Joe paused to gather wind, and then gave them everything known to the Celtic tongue save a bit of blarney. This sudden yearning after purity on their part, he pointed out, did not come from a change of heart; it was simply brought about by fright, by a dire threat to the only citadel they worshipped, the box office. "You don't want me," added Joe. "You want an-

other yes-man. You've had your production code for four years and never lived up to it. The country's fed up with your promises to reform. They won't believe you now."

But the boys would not be denied. They admitted they had flouted the code and all its clauses on film morality. But they would make him code administrator, giving him all rights to interpret it as he saw fit, and they would abide by his decisions. All pictures brought out by any of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association would have to have a seal showing they had passed Joe's inspection. And he could slap a \$25,000 fine on any one of them who violated the agreement.

Joe Breen considered the proposition. "All right," he said finally, "if that's the way you want it. But remember, you asked for it!"

That was back in 1934. The wave of reform in film fare which thereupon took place still sticks.

To get at the real story of this no-man in a world of yes-men let's pick up some background.

The story starts in the early 20's. The film industry, then in its knee breeches, was growing rapidly. Unfortunately, the older it got the more

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. April, 1940.

it failed to exhibit the graces of good breeding. After having been acclaimed in its infancy as a great new medium of influence, it was developing morals that stank to high heaven.

The Catholic Church was the first to give warning. Other groups protested. And presently, in 1922, Hollywood made what it considered an impressive gesture of self-reform by appointing a "czar" to rule over it. But while Will Hays tried earnestly to make the producers behave, no great change resulted. Pictures still poured out of Hollywood carrying smut.

This went on for about eight years. Then, in 1930, hard driven by rising public indignation, the czar whose crown gave him prestige but no power called in Father Daniel A. Lord of St. Louis University.

The Jesuit priest considered the problem. "Let's try appealing to the producers' better nature," he suggested. The appeal drawn up by Father Lord was in the form of a "production code." It was an admirable document.

Hays summoned the producers and laid the code before them. "Great stuff!" cried these gentry, and signed it with all the enthusiasm of men "under the influence" on New Year's Eve. Then, also like some signatories of new resolutions, they went merrily back to their fleshpots.

It was shortly after this, in 1931, that Hays brought Joe Breen out to Hollywood as his assistant.

In no time at all Breen was being pointed at in Hollywood as 220 pounds of Irish rebellion against movie immorality. He was the father of six red-headed children and, on any Sunday, rain or shine, the Breen octet could be seen attending Mass at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Beverly Hills. For many years he and his attractive wife had exercised a strict censorship on what movies their kids could see. Now Daddy Breen was laboring hard to make movies fit for everybody's kids to see.

But at that time his and Hays' efforts were pretty futile. They were issuing advice, not edicts. And as for advice, the producers were not having any today, thank you. However, that didn't stop Joe Breen's crying in the wilderness. He saw the revolution coming. The public was getting fed up. It was going to rebel one of these days. And one day along about the middle of 1933 he went before the cinema satraps with something specific by way of prophecy.

"Well, boys, I told you so," he suggested ominously.

The producers stopped long enough to inquire, "You told us what?"

"The Catholics are organizing against you."

The news caused no consternation. "So what, Joe?" they asked politely. Breen proceeded to explain that, while Hollywood could perhaps get away with disregarding other groups, more

or less powerless because they could promote no organized and large-scale attack, the producers had better listen when there was a sound of Catholic action.

"Yeah?" one of the boys is quoted as having said. "And what can the Catholics do that the others can't?"

"They can push things like boycotts that will keep their people as far from the movies as from pesthouses," suggested Joe.

This brought on a laugh. To the producers, the idea of any great body of people giving up their entertainment just because their Church said so was very funny indeed. "Okay, boys," said Breen. "Don't say I didn't warn you!"

In October, 1933, all the dire things Breen had prophesied began to happen. The 19th annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities was the kickoff of the campaign. Here the apostolic delegate, the Most Rev. Amleto G. Cicognani, who was making his first American visit, rose to his feet and branded the motion picture "an incalculable influence for evil." And when the assembled notables, among whom was President Roosevelt, had digested that phrase, he delivered the Church's declaration of war: "Catholics are called by God, the pope, the bishops and the priests to a united and vigorous campaign for the purification of the cinema, which has become a deadly menace to morals!"

Hollywood read this in its papers,

as did every other city and town in the country, and still was unperturbed. Then within a few days, it began to read, too, of the lightning-like organization of the Legion of Decency, and the quick enrollment of millions of Catholics.

Then, when the national film attendance suddenly slumped by more than 15,000,000 weekly as a starter, with indications of even more serious losses to come, the boys began really to sit up and take notice. The box-office "take" continued to fall, exhibitors were howling with pain, and the anti-movie crusade was gaining more force every day, with religious and civic groups of all kinds swinging onto the Legion of Decency's bandwagon. To make things worse, federal censorship (a thing that would have been the death of the movies) was being recommended on all sides.

All Hollywood, its breath knocked out by this body blow, staggered around to its experts, sounding out technical advisors, and consulting fortune tellers and the signs of the zodiac for some comforting word. But none came. Finally the producers, whose minds seem to work in strange ways their blunders to perform, saw the light that was in Breen's warnings, and turned to Hays.

The *première* of Breen's new deal for morality was not launched quite in the Hollywood manner. No glaring searchlights stabbed the heavens over

the Hays office; no supercolossal big-wigs came to see and be seen; no fanfare, no publicity, no autograph hunters were on hand. On July 15, 1934, the decency dictator simply rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

Whatever the film capital may have thought of Breen's appointment, it soon became apparent that his title was no idle adornment. "Code administrator" they had made him, and code administration he would give them. As we have mentioned, the production code is an admirable document. Its general principles are these:

1. No picture to be produced which will lower the standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrongdoing, evil or sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the standards of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

And it goes on from there to particularize in a manner that leaves little doubt as to what is decent and what is indecent.

The code was Breen's tape measure. What its application did to Hollywood's products in the first six months of the Breen rule is something the producers shudder to remember. If in the beginning they had a feeling he was fooling, they were quickly disillusioned. Films ready for release were

held up pending Breen's examination, those in production were halted, and all Hollywood stood waiting while the dictator pondered.

He didn't keep them long in suspense. Thousands of feet of film were ordered junked or scenes re-shot. Many entire pictures went to the shelves never again to be taken down. Hundreds of offensive lines in scripts were deleted, risque scenes were scissored, and scores of plays or books, purchased at stiff prices, were turned down as not producible according to the code.

The movie moguls regarded all this practical application of their reform with rising temperatures and spouting protests. Breen was bankrupting the industry; he was throwing millions of dollars worth of film into the discard; he was dealing death blows to Art with a capital "A." And so on and on. But they found that this fellow was not to be intimidated by yelling and desk-pounding.

To stubborn objectors he would simply reply, "You've got your code. Your picture is a plain violation of section so-and-so, paragraph so-and-so. It's not my decision; it's the code's. If you don't like it you can appeal to the board of directors of the MPPDA. But if you release it with those code violations, it will cost you just exactly \$25,000, and without the Hay's office seal of approval 85% of the movie theaters in this country will refuse to exhibit it. Those are your rules, not

mine. Abide by them—or else!”

Gradually catching on, the studios saw that it was expensive business, this making of films only to have them junked by Breen. So they turned their attention, purely in defense and not because they liked them, to such pictures of unquestioned morals as *David Copperfield*, *The Little Minister*, *David Harum* and *Anne of Green Gables*.

There were wry faces among the Hollywood wiseacres while such pictures were in production. They were scarcely prepared for the overwhelmingly popular reception these and other films like them received. These pictures were no sooner released than producers were standing in open-mouthed unbelief over box-office receipts that far eclipsed those of dirty films. From New York came news that *The Little Minister* had established a world's box-office record at Radio City and *Anne of Green Gables* had done almost as well at the Roxy. Even the movies' most sophisticated audiences apparently were going for the decent and wholesome! And from out in the hinterland the returns were even more overwhelming. Late in 1934, Irvin S. Cobb wrote, "The protest of the Roman Catholic Church against slimy films has been the salvation of the motion-picture art."

Here's the Breen routine. A studio takes an option on a story. It is first read by the Breen office and criticized. If it is acceptable on the whole but

objectionable in spots, Breen makes deletions and recommendations for handling. The story is next seen by Breen after it has been worked up into a synopsis or script; and again he goes through it, line by line, suggesting changes in dialogue, sometimes even rewriting scenes that seem to violate the code. At the same time the projected picture's costumes, lyrics and stage sets are checked. Later the story comes back again when it has been shot, once in rough form, once when completed. If it is now inoffensive, Breen gives the film his code seal.

At first the mortality in films due to code violations was enormous. But gradually, during the last six years, the studios have been learning the meaning of decency, with the result that each year sees fewer films that have to be radically dealt with. That doesn't mean that Joe Breen can relax. His work gets heavier instead of lighter, due to the increasing habit of producers to lean even more heavily upon his judgment in a thousand and one matters connected with making dramatically artistic as well as morally acceptable pictures.

Once they feared him and fought him. Now they respect him and like him. For he's a genuinely likeable fellow. As one producer put it recently, "Joe's a great guy, a wonderful fellow to have on your side. But if you treat him like an enemy, he's hell on wheels!"

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Greene, Graham. *The Labyrinthine Ways*. New York: Viking Press. 301 pp. \$2.50.

Story of a Mexican priest pursued by his conscience and the State which wishes to shoot him. To the end he insists he is not a martyr—which is not true. Novel of the century, so far.

Keyes, Frances Parkinson. *Along a Little Way*. New York: Kenedy. 83 pp. \$1.25.

Events which led to the conversion of the author of *Written in Heaven*.

Sheen, Fulton J. *Freedom Under God*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 265 pp. \$2.25.

Radio orator continues his forceful argument against communism, pointing out its fallacies and showing that religion and proper moral outlook offer true liberty.

Husslein, Joseph, S. J., ed. *Heroines of Christ*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 186 pp. \$2.

Well chosen, strikingly narrated incidents in the lives of 15 heroic women.

Helleu, Very Rev. Canon. *Jeanne Jugan*. St. Louis: Herder. 174 pp. \$2.

Inspiring biography of the humble domestic servant who founded the Little Sisters of the Poor.

Fitzgerald, Gerald, C. S. C. *Letters of Father Page*. New York: Longmans. 328 pp. \$2.

Although these letters are addressed to individuals they are universal in application and offer solutions for various problems of true piety and judgment.

Borgongini-Duca, Most Rev. Francis. *The Word of God*. New York: Macmillan. 211 pp. \$1.

Short meditations for Sundays and the more important feast days.

Winters, Rev. C. M. *Ethics of Christianity*. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony's Guild. 141 pp. 30c.

A discussion-club text on the Ten Commandments and moral problems. Suitable for adult groups.

Merry in God. New York: Longmans. 326 pp. \$1.20.

Biography of Father William Doyle, based on Professor O'Rahilly's study; the author, a personal friend, gives new incidents in the life of the heroic priest.